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Signor A. Piatti.

THIS celebrated violoncellist was born at Bergamo in 1822. At an early age he received musical instruction from his grand-uncle, Zanetti, an accomplished musician. He entered the Milan Conservatoire in 1832, and made his first public appearance in 1837. He came to London in 1844, and his fine tone and splendid technique were fully recognised when he played for the first time at the Philharmonic Concert, June 24, 1844, on which occasion Mendelssohn gave his memorable performance of the Beethoven concerto in G. During this season the young violoncellist played several times in private circles with the great composer. Signor Piatti has been associated with the Popular Concerts ever since their commencement in 1859, and it is impossible to overrate the value of his services. His simplicity of manner, the reverence with which he interprets the works of the great masters, his matchless tone and never-failing technique, combine to render him one of the most conspicuous figures of the quartet party. At a guess we should say that he has appeared at these concerts oftener than any other instrumentalist who has been connected with them, with the exception of Mr. Louis Ries, who has held the post of second violin from the beginning.

Signor Piatti has composed many excellent works. Three sonatas for piano and violoncello in C, D, and A minor have been successfully produced at the Popular Concerts, and other smaller works. He also deserves mention for having introduced there many forgotten sonatas by Veracini, Locatelli, and Boccherini. At the Crystal Palace he has performed two violoncello concertos of his own composition.

Staccato.

AN old violin swindle which used to be common enough here has lately been successfully tried in Madrid. Two young men, apparently travelling musicians, go into a café, have something to eat and drink, and suddenly discover that they have no money to pay for it. They go up to the proprietor and offer to deposit their violin for an hour or so, while they return home to fetch the cash. As the amount of the bill rarely exceeds a shilling, the landlord usually agrees to the deposit of the violin. A quarter of an hour afterwards a richly-dressed stranger enters, places on the counter a bank-note to a heavy amount for a bottle of champagne, and is suddenly struck with the violin, which he sees at the other end of the counter. He declares he is a connoisseur of fiddles, and asks permission

to examine the instrument. When the landlord hands it to him he starts with surprise, and declares it to be a genuine Stradivarius. He offers to give £100 or £150 for the instrument, but the landlord tells him it is not his to sell, and explains the circumstances under which it came into his possession. The stranger says it does not signify for the moment, but that if the landlord can secure the instrument he will give him the £100 or £150 when the fiddle is brought to him at his hotel. Half an hour afterwards the young men return, pay their bill, and take their violin. The landlord casually observes that his wife is fond of music, and offers to buy the instrument for a sovereign. The young men refuse, but after some haggling they agree to part with it for £50. The landlord forthwith takes the valuable instrument to the hotel, where, strange to relate, he finds the rich violin connoisseur not known, and himself the possessor, at the price of £50, of a fiddle worth half as many shillings.

MR. EDISON'S phonograph has, it is said, undergone fresh development. An ingenious friend has suggested that to the existing instrument there should be added an apparatus which takes instantaneous photographs of the speaker or singer at equal intervals of one-tenth of a second. These, like the phonogram itself, can then be reproduced, with the result that, in addition to the re-uttered song or speech, the spectators will be presented with the facial expression and gestures of their author. This looks very interesting on paper, but it would be rather hard on a good many of our musicians, whose performances do not at all gain in grace or dignity from their tricks of pantomimic expression.

A SUBSCRIPTION paper was lately circulated with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

ACCORDING to the French papers, the black king of the Sedangs, who was recently in Paris, having seen and admired a portrait of Madame Marie Roze, entered into negotiations with a matrimonial agency to ascertain whether the lady in question would consent to share his throne. The agency, understanding that His Majesty would marry Marie Roze, or no one, immediately conceived the happy thought of manufacturing a Marie Roze of his own, seeing that the original was already provided with a "just cause or impediment" in the person of Colonel Henry Mapleson. The negotiations have, it is alleged, proved successful, and Le Roi des Sedangs has married Marie Roze—that is to say, he has married some one very closely resembling her. Meanwhile, Colonel Mapleson and his popular wife have been placidly enjoying their holiday at Chateaufort.

THUMP—rattle—bang went the piano. "What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room. "It's an exercise from my new instruction book—'First Steps in Music,'" she answered. "Well, I knew you were playing with your feet," he said grimly. "But don't step so heavy on the keys; it disturbs my thoughts."

THE literature of that peculiarly mannered potentate, the Shah, has been enriched by a new anecdote. It is stated that while he was present at a performance at the Grand Ducal Theatre at Baden, he saw Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldson, and inquired who she was. On being told that she was the "Swedish Nightingale," His Majesty remarked, "Rich country, Sweden—if nightingales there wear so many diamonds."

MR. BARTLEMAN, the well-known musician, was reputed to be the quickest composer of his day. Garrick, who on one occasion wanted a song written to be sung by one of the characters in "The Country Girl," paid him a visit unexpectedly one morning, and asked him if he could set English words to music. He replied he thought he could. Garrick called for pen and paper, and wrote the words of the song, while Bartleman looked over his shoulder. Garrick handed him the words and said, "There, my friend, there is my song." Bartleman instantly replied, "There, sir, is the music for it."

A COMICAL sentence appeared in the programme of a recent concert at St. James' Hall. A certain song was announced thus: "She wandered down the mountain-side, accompanied by the composer."

THE following are what somebody who is supposed to know says are the favourite musical instruments of Royalty. Queen Victoria and her daughter Louise play very well upon the organ. The Prince of Wales plays the banjo fairly well. The Princess of Wales is a skilful pianist. The Duke of Connaught amuses himself with the flute. The Duke of Edinburgh is a persistent violinist. The Czar of all the Russias plays a silver cornet, Queen Marguerite of Italy makes herself happy with the piano. Prince Henry of Prussia is a composer and a performer on the violin and piano. The Empress of Austria plays splendidly on the zither. The Empress of Japan is very proficient on the "koto," the national instrument, which is a kind of big zither. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania plays with equal skill on the harp and piano. King George of Greece can play all kinds of tunes on handbells and wine-glasses of different shapes. He can also play the "cymballum," an instrument of the Tsiganes of Hungary.

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"WHY," asked Miss Downybird, "do men pay so much to hear a woman whistle?" "Because," answered old Gruffanglum, "when she is whistling she can't sing."

♦ ♦ ♦

THE latest fad among American young women who play the piano is to accompany themselves with an imitation of the cornet, produced by a peculiar buzzing sound through the lips. The writer of the account of this wonderful accomplishment was present at a performance which sounded like a small band. An ear for imitation is necessary in the performer to begin with. Then, by dint of constant practice, with the lips compressed as if for whistling, but with the mouth wide and elliptical instead of round, the accomplishment is gradually acquired.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE latest von Bülowism is to the effect that the doctor was much pressed to witness the first performance of an opera bouffe. He attended in conspicuous mourning. "The stuff," he sententiously explained, "is being buried, and I am attending its funeral."

♦ ♦ ♦

HENRY SMART, when officiating as organist at a certain fashionable church, on one occasion played a selection from one of Mozart's masses as a voluntary. After he had finished, one of the churchwardens came up to the organ-loft and "begged to inform Mr. Smart that they had decided they could not have such jiggy stuff played in their church." "Very well, sir," was the answer, "it shall be altered." Next Sunday dirge-like sounds proceeded from the organ, and the churchwarden forthwith congratulated the player on the solemn and elevating effect of the music. "I am glad you like it," answered Henry Smart; "doubtless if I play it a little quicker you will see the reason why it affected you;" and forthwith pealed out the then popular strains of "Jump, Jim Crow." After this Henry Smart played what he liked. It was in this organ-loft that a young organ student received the following testimonial from Henry Smart:—"I have heard Mr. — perform an arrangement from Handel's 'Messiah,' and as Mr. — has introduced two shakes not marked in the music, I have no doubt he is a finer musician than Handel."

♦ ♦ ♦

IT is an experience common to nearly all popular composers that their first lucky song was sold for next to nothing to the publishers. Perhaps the most remunerative to the composer of any modern song has been "The Lost Chord," from which alone Sir Arthur Sullivan has a yearly income which many a hard-working musician would consider a little fortune. At first Sir Arthur was glad to part with the copyright of his songs for five or ten guineas, but since his name became famous he has published only on the royalty system. The only one of his better-known songs which he sold outright was "Sweethearts," for which Messrs. Chappell paid him £700.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE older composers were less successful. "Cheer, boys, cheer," which the regimental bands played when our soldiers were starting for the Crimea, and from which the publishers have realized many thousands, secured for Henry Russell only three pounds. For "There's a good time coming, boys," the same composer received two pounds; for "The

Maniac," one pound; and for "Man the Life-boat," ten shillings. Yet all these songs have been a source of immense profit to the publishers.

"She wore a Wreath of Roses" was sold by the composer for £2, 10s.; when the copyright came to be sold, the auctioneer's hammer fell at £500. George Barker allowed the "White Squall" to go for forty shillings, though, after Messrs. Cramer had realized thousands by it, they sent the composer a cheque for a hundred pounds. For that very pretty and popular song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mr. Crouch received £5. The copyright is now in the hands of a London firm who paid £552 for it. And poor Crouch some years ago was looking death in the face through starvation.

Peasant or Prima Donna.

BY AN OLD IMPRESARIO.

—:o:—

AS it still wanted three-quarters of an hour to dinner-time after I had been shown to my room, and as my toilette seldom takes more than one quarter, I determined to fill up my time with a cigar in the open air. With some little difficulty I found my way out of the house and into the park, and then strolled aimlessly towards the nearest belt of trees. On the other side of the trees I found a fence—presumably the traditional ring-fence of the English estate—and a gate opening into a narrow lane. Over the low hedge on the far side of the lane I could see a meadow in which half-a-dozen cows were grazing. In the distance was discernible a small white house, evidently a farmhouse, from the barns and ricks by which it was surrounded.

It was a perfect August evening. I stood for a few moments leaning over the fence, thoroughly enjoying the country sights and sounds, combined as they were with an excellent cigar. Presently through a gate at the far end of the meadow I saw a girl advance with milking-pails slung from her shoulders. In another moment I was startled by the sound of a most melodious long-drawn cry.

"Coo --- oop," sang out the girl, "Coo --- biddy, Coo --- biddy, Coo --- oop."

What a voice! Although only displayed in a simple cow-call, my experience enabled me to detect that here was a treasure indeed, a true contralto of the warmest, richest, most sympathetic timbre it had ever been my good fortune to hear. In wild excitement I clambered to the top of the gate, and sat on the post, in order to obtain a better view of this marvellous milkmaid. The cows, evidently as pleasurably excited as myself, began to gambol and caper towards her, in the graceful manner peculiar to the milky mothers of the herd. The girl turned, and, followed by her troupe, walked towards a shed which stood close to the farmyard gate, and as she walked she sang. I could catch none of the words except the refrain, but, judging from the marked and somewhat rollicking melody, I guessed she was singing a hymn. The refrain was short and simple, consisting only of the words, "Oh to be there—to be there." But how she sang it! What passion, what pathos, what longing were expressed in those words? They made such an impression even on my leathery old heart, that I too found myself longing to be "there," wherever it might be.

I had, of course, a better opportunity of judging of the girl's voice in the hymn-tune than in the cow-call, and my first impressions were more than justified. The head-notes were like a silver trumpet, the chest-notes like a distant church organ. Although, of course, perfectly untrained, the voice was produced with an ease and freedom which argued sound lungs, a large throat, and a correct artistic instinct on the part of the singer. "Alboni and Trebelli rolled into one," I murmured to myself, nearly falling off the gate-post in my anxiety to catch the last strains of "Oh to be there, to be there," as they were borne faintly towards me by the breeze. Then the girl and her cows disappeared within the milking-shed, and all was silent.

I made my way back to the house in a brown study, doubts and anxieties of all kinds beginning to oppress me. How was it that this girl had never been discovered before? Was the whole neighbourhood stone-deaf? I trembled as I reflected that any evening some of the visitors to the Manor might hear that wonderful cow-call, and detect the extraordinary quality of the voice, just as I had done. Stornelli, for example, was not over friendly towards me. Did he know of the valuable discovery I had made, he would be as likely as not, out of sheer mischief, to put a rival impresario on the track. It was difficult to know what to do for the best. It would be necessary for me, within the two days of my visit, to find out all about the girl, make her acquaintance, and, if possible, persuade her to accompany me back to town, there to begin her artistic training without further loss of time. I determined to make a few casual inquiries at dinner, and shape my future course by the information I then received.

Mrs. Fitzhugh commanded me to take her into dinner, rather, I could see, to the annoyance of Stornelli. I was about to take the seat on my hostess' right hand when we heard a piteous wail behind us.

"Oh, Mrs. Fitzhugh," cried the tenor, "you are letting him have my place; you know I never move for anybody."

"Nonsense," said the lady, with some tartness in her tone, "you can sit on the other side of me."

"No, I can't," moaned Stornelli, "because I must sit with my back to the light. Hugh and I always sit with our backs to the light, because then my crowsfeet and his toothlessness are not so apparent."

Mrs. Fitzhugh laughed, shrugged her shoulders, and motioned me to the seat on her left hand, quite oblivious of the fact that my crowsfeet and toothlessness needed concealment far more than Stornelli's or her son's.

During the soup I sat considering the best method of eliciting the information I desired without arousing suspicion. I opened fire with the innocent remark, addressed to my hostess,—

"I had time to take a little stroll in your beautiful park before going to dress, not having any front hair to curl like Stornelli."

"Oh, really," she replied; "which way did you go? There's a nice view of the mere on the east side of the house."

"I must have gone nearly due west," I said, "judging from the sun. I was surprised to find a lane so near the house, although hidden by trees."

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a glance of annoyance; "that lane is an old grievance of my father's. He is always wanting to shut it up, but he can't, because there's a right-of-way. It's a perfect godsend to poachers and tramps, since they can't be ordered off."

"Was that the home farm I saw in the distance?" was my next query. I was rather proud of my supposition, based on the fact that

in novels all great estates had their home farms.

"Oh, dear no," replied my hostess, "we would as soon have a herd of white elephants as a home farm in these days. Of course, my father has several farms thrown on his hands, but he lets all he possibly can."

"But isn't it rather unpleasant having people so near as in that little white farm?" I went on; "but of course they are your tenants."

"Yes, they are our tenants," she answered, "though none the more pleasant for that; but one is obliged to take whom one can get. They are rather muddling people, with any amount of children,—six under seven, I believe. And I am sorry to say they are Dissenters."

She pronounced the last word as though it had been a synonym for atheists, and I endeavoured to look properly impressed. I felt I had not gained much so far. My contralto could not possibly be the muddling mother, or one of the six children under seven. It would evidently be necessary to approach my subject more boldly.

"I have always understood that Norfolk peasants were not particularly famous for their voices, like the north-country folk," I remarked, "but I heard a milkmaid belonging to that white farmhouse singing quite prettily this evening."

"Oh, really," said Mrs. Fitzhugh, showing but a languid interest in the subject; "I know nothing about her."

"I—I—I—I," here put in little Hugh, stammering from haste and the fact that his mouth was full, "I do; I know all about her."

"Bless the boy," I said to myself, "he's worth all the rest of them put together."

"I've heard a lot about her from Tom Hubbard; he's one of our keepers," continued Hugh. "Her name is Betty Bond, and she's maid-of-all-work to Mrs. Bartram at the White Farm. They took her out of the workhouse, and she's only seventeen now; but she's been engaged to Tom for six months, at least he calls it 'keeping company.' She sings at the chapel on Sunday afternoons, and people come from ever so far to hear her, Tom says. He says she can sing good tidily."

"My dear child, I wish you wouldn't gossip with the keepers," said his mother; "you are getting to talk the broadest Norfolk."

"No great harm in that, my dear," put in old Mr. Dunstan from the other end of the table, "considering that he was born and brought up in the county. I remember my good father always talked Norfolk from choice when he was at home. I give my orders to my men in their own language, as you know; a nice muddle they would make of things if I talked shire English to them."

During these last remarks I had been pondering over the information I had obtained from this very intelligent child, since it was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether he expressed himself in Norfolk or "shire English." In a few words he had told me all I most wanted to know. The girl had come out of the workhouse; that was a point in my favour, since she probably had no relations to be managed; she was already engaged, that complicated matters; she was only seventeen, that I was truly relieved to hear, as, from the unusual development of her voice, she might have been five-and-twenty. Lastly, she sang at the chapel on Sunday afternoons; that I made a note of on the spot.

Our conversation was now interrupted by Stornelli, who, probably feeling that he was not receiving sufficient attention, suddenly announced that he felt very ill, and should not be able to go to the concert that night.

"It's the raspberries; I knew it," murmured Miss Hardway in an audible aside. Mrs. Fitzhugh took the announcement with surprising calmness, but it soon became evident that she knew how to manage her refractory guest.

"I am sorry you are not feeling well," she remarked, with an air of perfect indifference, "but in that case it will certainly be wiser for you to stay at home, and go to bed directly after dinner. I will tell the housekeeper to send you up some gruel."

Stornelli looked thoughtful. It was evident his announcement had not created the effect he intended. His hostess continued,—

"Luckily the audience will not know what they have missed, for I do not suppose they have any of them heard you sing. Indeed, I fancy the loss will be on your side, as there are sure to be a good many pretty girls there. I have heard the singers who come down to our musical festivals say that they never see so many good-looking faces anywhere as in a Norwich audience."

At this speech an expression of beautiful resignation stole over Stornelli's interesting countenance, making him look like a young St. Sebastian in evening dress, and minus the arrows.

"I think," he said faintly, "that if I feel better after dinner, I might be able to go if you would take me in the brougham instead of in the omnibus with the others. I am afraid the omnibus would shake me too much."

"Nonsense," said his hostess, laughing; "if you can go in the brougham, you can go in the 'bus. It is very well hung, and will hold us all perfectly."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but it was generally understood that Stornelli would find himself equal to attending the concert that evening. I silently wondered whether this little incident would give Mrs. Fitzhugh any insight into the troubles and anxieties of an impresario. We have to deal every day with spoil *artistes* and manage them as best we can without any of the influence possessed by a rich and pretty patroness.

Meanwhile I had been much amused at the scraps I caught of the conversation which was going on at the other end of the table. I have said that hitherto silence had seemed to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Dunstons, *père et fils*, but that probably arose from the fact that they had nothing in common with us Bohemians. Miss Hardway, clever woman that she was, had succeeded in throwing herself so completely into their interests that she had made the father positively garrulous, while even the son had so far forgotten his shyness as to join in the conversation now and then, although he never ventured to look at or to address Miss Hardway directly.

My query about the lane which skirted the park had brought the whole history of the right-of-way difficulty upon Miss Hardway's devoted head. From this to the subject of poachers had been an easy transition, and when Mrs. Fitzhugh gave the signal for the ladies to leave the room, she interrupted a most animated discussion upon the relative merits of Barnett's or Diggins' pheasant-food, in which Miss Hardway was taking part with as much energy as if she had devoted her whole life to the study of the best methods of rearing young game. It may here be mentioned that this lady, who was neither young nor pretty, and who spoke as if mouths were only meant for eating, had made a social success in town that season by her talent for humorous recitation. She did not, it is true, confine herself to one style, but it was by her rendering of choice

specimens of the American humourists that she had made her reputation. Mrs. Fitzhugh had been one of the first to take up the Yankee reciter and raise her to the position of a fashionable favourite, and she had always felt a sort of reflected credit from her protégée's successful career.

It is unnecessary to describe the concert in detail, for there is always a family resemblance about charity concerts. The Tremolini sang the usual hackneyed operatic airs in her harsh worn voice, with her stereotyped arch smiles, shrugging of her fat shoulders, and rolling of her black eyes. She was vigorously encored by the audience, who thought her performance extremely fine, because it was well known that she was a real opera-singer who had generously given her services for the occasion. Among the amateur ladies were some with fresh, agreeable voices, who sang without any airs or grimaces, and who were, to my mind, far pleasanter to look at and to listen to than the Tremolini; but these were received with indulgent coolness, as "only amateurs, you know."

Stornelli, as usual, met with a warm reception from the feminine part of the audience; but the general opinion among the men seemed to be that his mental and moral health would be benefited by a good kicking. The success of the evening, however, was undoubtedly Miss Hardway's. Contrary to her usual custom, she had begun with one of her comic pieces, and by the irresistible drollery of her delivery had so convulsed her listeners that they refused to take her in a serious light for the rest of the evening. They roared with laughter at the infantine-innocent, and yelled at the blood-and-thunder style, both of which she tried on them in turn. It was impossible not to join in the general hilarity, and I caught sight even of Captain Dunstan laughing, silently it is true, but with his mouth as wide open as the Tremolini's when she is going to take her favourite high C.

On our return to Dunstanthorpe we found a charming little supper awaiting us, and as it was then nearly midnight we were quite ready to do full justice to it. All the party were in the best of spirits, with the exception of Stornelli, who was silent and wore a pensive expression. I privately suspected that he was not altogether pleased at Miss Hardway's having been even better appreciated than himself. However, when that lady sympathetically inquired why he looked as if he had lost half-a-crown and found a threepenny-bit, he replied simply,—

"I am thinking about my latter end; I always do on Saturday nights."

"Oh, well, let's hope that is a long way off," said Miss Hardway. "I shouldn't begin to think about it just yet, if I were you."

"On the contrary," returned Stornelli, with an air of gloomy importance, "my doctor tells me my life isn't worth ten years' purchase if I go on as I am doing now."

"Oh, talking of your latter end," here put in Mrs. Fitzhugh, with a cheerfulness that, under the circumstances, was somewhat callous, "reminds me that you will all be expected to go to church to-morrow morning. My father insists on his visitors attending church once a day as an example to the servants and villagers; and behaving properly when there," she added, with a glance at Stornelli.

"But I am a member of the Greek Church," objected the tenor, trying to look as if he would have willingly gone to the stake for his faith.

"And I am a Plymouth Brother," murmured Miss Hardway.

"Oh, I dare say," said Mrs. Fitzhugh indifferently, "and Mr. Brandt, no doubt, is a bigoted Mormon; but I am sure you are all a great deal too enlightened and liberal-minded to refuse to go to my church to please me."

"After that compliment to my understanding I, for one, cannot refuse," said Stornelli. "I will go on condition that you will find my places for me, let me sing out of your hymn-book, and tell me when to stand and when to sit."

"And kneel," put in his hostess. "My father would push you off the seat with his own hands if you sat during the prayers."

Stornelli's jaw dropped.

"And I have only got my best trousers with me," he murmured. "Mrs. Fitzhugh," he went on, turning reproachfully upon his hostess, "you might have made me a pair of knee-caps when you knew what was before me. I have seen you making them for your old men, beautiful red-flannel knee-caps, and you never thought to keep a pair for me. You will destroy all my faith in woman."

"I am surprised to hear you have any left," she replied. "Now please to remember, all of you, that breakfast is punctually at ten o'clock to-morrow morning; church parade at a quarter to eleven."

Before I slept that night I had mapped out my plan of campaign for the following day. The squire was quite welcome to my attendance at the parish church in the morning, but not all the squires in Norfolk should keep me from chapel in the afternoon. After service was over I would endeavour to waylay Miss Betty Bond, and open negotiations with her. If, however, as was only too probable, she was "walking" with her faithful Tom, I should be compelled to find another opportunity. Although I was blissfully ignorant of all country matters, still common sense pointed out that if cows were milked at 6.30 one evening it was not improbable that they might be milked at the same hour the next. It was even possible that the same operation might be gone through daily at 6.30 A.M.; but, unless the worst came to the worst, I did not intend to push my researches in that direction.

The following morning dawned bright and hot. We were all down punctually to the ten o'clock breakfast with the exception of Stornelli, who, looking decidedly limp, strolled in just as every one else had finished. Fortunately his breakfast, which seemed to consist chiefly of cayenne pepper and anchovy sauce, did not take long to consume. By a quarter to eleven we were all assembled in the hall, when quite a little ceremony took place. The gong sounded, and a long row of servants filed in, and were sharply inspected by the squire, who was resplendent in the glossiest of top-hats and the tightest of frock-coats. An unhappy new young footman was severely reprimanded for having neglected to provide himself with a hymn-book, and then supplied with one out of the squire's study. Finally, the old gentleman gave his arm to his daughter, and, followed by the rest of us, started off across the park towards the little church, whose "sweet bells jangled out of tune" we could hear from afar. The servants formed a procession, headed by the butler and housekeeper, and marched after us at a respectful distance.

As soon as we entered the church the bells stopped and the voluntary began. To its strains we marched up the aisle, and mounted a narrow staircase into an enormous pew supported by four pillars, and with the Dunstan arms emblazoned on the front. When seated in this wonderful construction we could neither see nor be seen. On standing up, however, I

perceived that the clergyman was a tall, broad-shouldered, middle-aged man with a square jaw and a determined expression, who read the service much in the manner of a commanding officer addressing his regiment.

That the reverend gentleman needed all his determination in his dealings with the squire, the following little incident will prove. Mr. Dunstan was churchwarden, and in his pew was placed a list of the hymns to be sung during the service. Among them happened to be one which certain old-fashioned persons object to, stigmatizing it as Popish in its sentiments. As soon as the offending number caught his eye, Mr. Dunstan frowned heavily, crossed it out, and replaced it by another of his own choosing. He then beckoned the clerk up the stairs, and sent the amended list to the clergyman. The latter read it, shook his head slightly, and went on with the service. When the time came for the hymn to be sung, the original number was given out. But the squire was not yet beaten. Rising to his feet, and with a voice trembling with rage, he gave out the hymn of his choice. The clergyman signed to the schoolmistress, who, apparently standing more in awe of him than the squire, began what I may designate as the clerical tune, and the choir started in accordance with her. At the same moment, however, the squire set the tune of his hymn, in which he was ably seconded by the shrill pipe of his little grandson, and the two, singing like discordant angels up above, were presently reinforced by some of the rustics in the body of the church.

The two hymns proceeded, I can hardly say amicably together; but as the parson's choice was two verses longer than the squire's, and as one of the choir men had the voice of a bull, it must be allowed that the clerical party had the best of it. During this musical treat I could not resist glancing at Stornelli to see what effect it had on his delicate nerves. Instead of the anguish I expected to see, his countenance wore an expression of somewhat dazed bewilderment, and it was clear that he took the singing of two tunes at the same time to be one of the ordinary features of a Church of England service.

The only other exciting incident of the morning was that, at the close of the short sermon which was delivered in an even more "Wellington despatch" style than the prayers, Stornelli was found to be so sound asleep that it required vigorous pokings on the part of Mrs. Fitzhugh and Miss Hardway to get him on his feet before Mr. Dunstan's sharp eyes discovered his condition. After the service was over I was edified at seeing that the squire shook hands cordially with the rector in the churchyard, and invited him to luncheon, which invitation was promptly accepted. It was evident that the pair kept their differences for the inside of the church.

On our way to the house I secured the company of little Hugh, from whom I desired to make out the whereabouts of the chapel, and the hour at which service began, all, if possible, without arousing suspicion. I began by remarking on the good congregation at church for so small a place.

"Oh, yes," said the child, "but then, you see, grandfather is so awfully down on them if they don't go to church once a day, and they nearly all live in his cottages."

"Ah, quite so," I murmured, reflecting on the glimpse afforded by this speech of the state of religious freedom in this country. "And don't they go anywhere in the afternoon? Perhaps they give the chapel a turn."

"Yes, a good many do," he replied; "you see, they've nothing else to do."

"Is the chapel near the church?" I continued, delicately feeling my way.

"Oh, no, it is right out in the opposite direction, close to the Cat and Compasses."

I remembered passing an inn of that name on my way from the station, so my mind was set at rest on one point.

"I suppose chapels have afternoon service at the same time as churches," I went on, "three o'clock or thereabouts?"

"Yes," was the reply, "at least ours does. I know because I often see Tom marching off there with his young woman. Look, there's a squirrel running up that tree." And he was off with a stick in his hand, anxious to spend the Sabbath profitably by taking the life of an unoffending animal. I was satisfied, however, for I had learnt all I wanted to know, and, as I believed, without awaking any suspicions in the mind of the precocious child.

(To be continued.)

Stanzas for Music.

THE IRONSIDES' RIDE.

I hear the cans clinking,
My captors are drinking
And toasting the victory their prowess has won;
And, while I am hear'ning,
The twilight is dark'ning:
Now! now is the moment the deed must be done.

I have gnawed thro' the cords that my hands would
restrain:
And I creep by the tents as the song rings again:
See! a sentinel stands in the path I must go—
He is felled to the earth by one stern, ruthless blow!

REFRAIN.—Then I leap to the saddle and gladly I
ride
By the shadowy woodland and fair
countryside:
Than the gloom of a cell 'twere far
better to die
A soldier's swift death 'neath the clear
starlit sky.

See! my foes follow after:
I answer with laughter,
As they bid me to yield myself captive again:
Tho' bullets are flying,
Their efforts defying,
I ride madly on over moorland and plain.

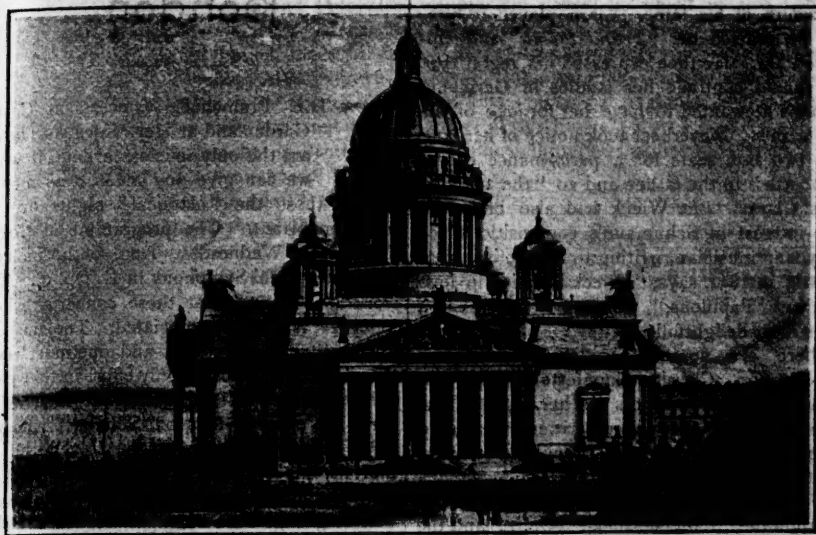
There are horsemen ahead: see! their armour gleams
bright!
E'en tho' they prove foemen, till death will I fight.
Hurrah! they are Ironsides gallant and stern!
And back towards their camp the false Cavaliers turn!

REFRAIN.—Hurrah for brave Noll and his Iron-
sides tried!
The freedom I strove for has not been
denied:
Yet rather than pine in a cell I would
die
A soldier's swift death 'neath the clear
starlit sky.

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It will be remembered that as Madame Patti was singing at the San Francisco Opera House about ten years ago, a bomb was hurled on to the stage and fell at her feet, but fortunately did not burst. The perpetrator of the act, a man named Hodges, was arrested and imprisoned. After having served term of imprisonment, during which he made several attempts to commit suicide, he was released in December. Since that time he has developed decided symptoms of insanity, and is now confined in the Napa Lunatic Asylum.

Churches in St. Petersburg and their Music.



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

ONE needs to be in Russia—even a length of time in Russia—to understand how important a part the Orthodox Church plays in the lives of Russians, for the pivot in Russia about which all revolves is the Church.

It is the Church that gives the people an autocrat before whom the faithful must bow,—a White Tsar, the father of his people; and the lowly peasant, living in all the wretchedness of the interior, endures his miseries with a fortitude one wonders at,—a fortitude which if less foolish would be a splendid philosophy,—and, raising his eyes to heaven in mute wonder at the hardness of his lot, cries tranquilly, "Nitchewo!" (Nothing! no matter!), as he stands before the altar always uncomplaining.

The unbelief of the nineteenth century has not, except amongst the learned classes, reached Russia yet, and therefore to the entire mass of the people the Church is their refuge and hope.

The first of the St. Petersburg churches is St. Isaac's, a magnificent pile of buildings not at all deserving the attacks some recent travellers in Russia have made on it, as a glance at its representation shows.

It is built of dark grey stone, with pillars and steps of polished red granite, surmounted by a great dome of copper covered with gold,—a dome which has cost the nation fourteen bushels of solid gold,—and at the four corners four smaller gold-covered domes.

The effect of the whole is very beautiful, and under a blue sky, or under the early evening moonlight, especially when a great harvest moon, like a ball of fire, hangs in the pale star-studded sky over it, is superb.

When built the dome was two hundred and ninety-six feet high, and from every point in St. Petersburg, even from Peterhof, it can be seen, the sailors, when entering the Gulf of Finland, seventeen miles away and more,—behind Cronstadt,—being able to discern it plainly by the naked eye from their ships.

It is less high now than it was some years ago, for a melancholy doom awaits this splendid building.

As all know, St. Petersburg is one vast patched-up swamp, and although massive piles of wood have been thrust, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of roubles, under the foundation lengthwise into the unstable earth, they

have not been effectual; every hour they are rotting away, year by year the church is sinking; as it is, two of the steps of granite have disappeared, and sooner or later St. Isaac's and all its grandeur must go.

It is built in cruciform shape, the façade of each four sides exactly corresponding to the one here given, and how great the height of this is will be realized only by a person standing immediately behind the pillars and glancing up into the misty darkness of the porch.

The interior is a medley hard to describe, of marble pillars, jewelled shrines, frescoes, silver and golden chandeliers, pictures, vastness, and burning waxlights.

The altar is placed at the left-hand side of the picture as one looks at it, and must be specially described, since Orthodox churches differ from all others.

It consists of a great screen of fabulous value, covered with holy pictures, overlaid after the Byzantine fashion, with gold and precious stones of the greatest value, nothing in some cases but the heads and hands of the pictures remaining uncovered.

This screen runs from right to left; in the centre is an immense gateway, with gates—called "the heavenly gates"—that open and

shut, and behind which the altar proper stands. These gates are flanked on each side in St. Isaac's by five enormous columns of jasper, with pedestals and capitals, richly gilt, of brass and of red granite.

The effect can be imagined. The gates are reached by half a dozen steps railed above by a balustrade of marble, the centre of which is gold, or rather marble plated with gold, and behind the altar itself a window is placed of stained glass, bearing a colossal figure of Christ, more beautiful than one can describe.

These "heavenly gates," flanked on each side by a pillar of lapis lazuli, opening in the centre with a superb colonnade above, and their panels studded with precious stones, when shut,—and they are only opened during a portion of the service,—hide this wonderful Figure; but when they are opened, far away down in the farthest distance, dimly lighted, of the church, this wonderful Christ looks on one with an expression in the eyes, so divine, so calm, so patient, so speaking, that even the most scoffing avoid the gaze, and look another way, so real does it seem, and before it even the "Nitchewo" of the people becomes explainable.

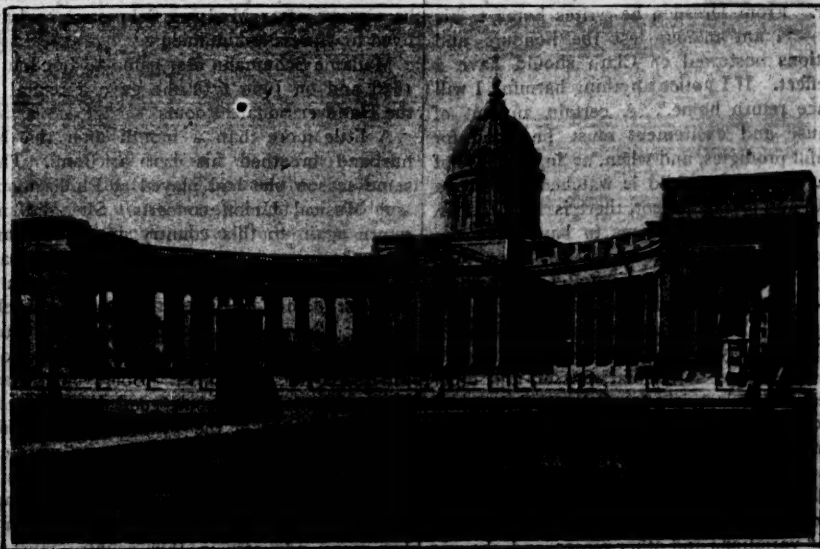
The centre altar takes up the entire middle portion of the top portion of the building, but on each side are still smaller altars—two, with their gates before them.

There is absolutely no organ or orchestral or instrumental music of any kind allowed in Russian churches, but their choir of men's and boys' voices is a thing to dream of. Every church has its choir, paid, of course, by the State, and wearing a certain livery, and this choir is as much a necessary part of the church as the priests.

They are trained to perfection, sing perfectly unaided, and with an attention to light and shade delightful. They answer all through the service to every prayer of the priests, singing, "Lord, have mercy upon us;" and as they sing now soft, now low, but always sweetly, always beautifully, one can imagine how delightful it must sound in the ears of the true believers, as the Russians style themselves invariably.

All through the service, the priests, with their flowing beards and long hair, pass in their rich robes of cloth of gold before "the heavenly gates," swinging lighted censers of gold or silver continuously.

In the centre of the building massive gilt chandeliers are placed; but all around the sides, and between the jasper pillars, exquisite silver lamps suspended before the holy pictures



CATHEDRAL OF OUR LADY OF KAZAN.

by chains, and made after designs by Benvenuto Cellini, are hung.

The shrines, the thousands of lighted candles, the pictures placed by the marble walls, between the marble pillars, and before the altar steps, on stands, many of them literally encrusted with priceless diamonds, rubies of massive size, amethysts, and emeralds, all go to form one superb picture, not a little added to by the glorious voices of the choir, stationed either before or beside "the heavenly gates," the rich melodious chanting of the priests, the dim, religious light, the attitude of the worshippers, many of whom lie prostrate before the altar, and the lofty vastness of the whole building.

The Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan is smaller, but not less beautiful, it containing a shrine presented by the Cossacks after the campaign of 1813-14, of pillars, beams, and colonnade of solid silver. In fact, before the magnificence of these Russian cathedrals one remains speechless. In Kazan there are over fifty pillars in the interior, fifty-two feet high, all of one solid block of marble, the walls and floors being of marble as well.

On the eve of every holiday, at four or six o'clock each evening, according to the time of year, and the same hour each morning, and at ten o'clock, one may enter these churches any day, and feast one's ears on the perfect strains, for the service is always fully choral, and always equally beautiful. In short, not the least of the blessings of a resident in the Russian capital is this one of the churches and the church music of Isaac's and Kazan.

ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

Madame Schumann's Birthday.

ON the 13th of last month the widow of Robert Schumann celebrated at Frankfurt her seventieth birthday.

Such an age in itself is not remarkable, but of those sixty-nine years, more than sixty have been spent *coram populo*. It was on the 20th of October 1828 that she appeared for the first time in public, when she played a duet by Kalkbrenner (variations on the March from "Moïse"), with Emilie Reichold, one of her father's numerous pupils. Soon after that she made a concert tour, accompanied by her father. From Dresden he writes home to his wife:—"I am anxious lest the honours and attentions bestowed on Clara should have a bad effect. If I notice anything harmful, I will at once return home." A certain amount of applause and excitement must be good for youthful prodigies, and when, as in the case of Clara Wieck, the child is watched over by a careful and loving parent, there is little to fear. Besides, little Clara seems to have been uncommonly self-composed, for we learn that, after performing at a private concert where she was much applauded, she stood up quietly and said, "You applaud me, and yet I know that I have played very badly."

She appeared at Weimar, Cassel, and other places, and at last, in 1832, father and daughter arrived at Paris, where she gave a concert on the 9th of April. While in Paris Wieck made the acquaintance of Chopin, and so impressed was he with the charm and character of his music, that he taught his daughter the "Don Juan" variations and other pieces, and she was one of the first to make known the compositions of the romantic Pole. In the first letter written

by Schumann to the thirteen-year-old Clara, he says, "And how are you getting on with the high F in Chopin's variations?" A visit was paid to the pianist, Kalkbrenner, then in the zenith of his fame. Clara played to him, and he praised her "*grand talent*," and embraced her. He then expressed his regret that she should continue her studies in Germany. Perhaps he wanted to have her for one of his own pupils. Meyerbeer took notice of her, and sent two box seats for a performance of his "Roberto" to the father and to "the talented Miss Clara." But Wieck had also begun to take interest in Schumann's compositions, for the young musician, writing to his mother from Leipzig in 1832, says, "Wieck is quite in love with my 'Papillons,' which, he adds, 'Clara plays most delightfully.'"

There are some exceedingly interesting allusions to Clara's pianoforte-playing in Schumann's early letters to her, and at the time at which they were written, he could have had no idea that they would one day be printed.

Who that has heard Madame Schumann interpret the "Fantasiestücke" (Op. 12) and the "Études Symphoniques" will not be touched by these words, written fifty-one years ago:—

"I should think you might play 'Traumeswirren' and 'Des Abends' in public some day. I fancy that 'In der Nacht' is too long. And tell me how my 'Études' were received in Vienna. Do you hear? I have got nobody now with whom I can talk about art. You alone are left to me."

And then again, in another letter, written the same year, after speaking about his "Études," which he does not think "the sort of thing for the public," he adds:—

"But I confess it would be a great delight to me if I ever succeeded in writing something which, when played by you, would make the public dance with delight, for we composers are all of us vain, even when we have no reason to be so."

Schumann would indeed have been astonished and pleased had he lived to witness the scene in St. James's Hall when Madame Schumann plays those very "Études." They are just "the sort of thing" for the public of the popular concerts.

But in another letter the composer is in a more hopeful mood:—

"Don't be afraid, my dear Clara; you shall live to see my compositions come into notice, and be much talked about."

This was a prophetic utterance, and it must be a great joy to Madame Schumann to have lived to witness its fulfilment.

Madame Schumann first came to London in 1856, and on June 17th she gave a recital at the Hanover Square Rooms.

A little more than a month after this her husband breathed his last at Bonn. That same season she had played at Philharmonic and Musical Union concerts. She did not return again to this country until 1865, and from that time until now, but few years have passed in which she has not come to charm us with her playing, so full of feeling and intelligence. There are two composers in the interpretation of whose music she excels—the one is Beethoven, the other Robert Schumann. There is more than one good interpreter of the former, but of the latter who can know more than Madame Schumann, or who can play his compositions with greater sympathy?

Madame Schumann, considering her age, still enjoys good health, and the one wish of her many admirers in this country must be that she may live long, and come to London as often as possible.

Musical Life in London.

THE Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden and at Her Majesty's Theatre are the only musical events of which we can give any record this month; and of these the "classical" nights are the most important. The programme at Covent Garden on Wednesday, Aug. 28th, included Goetz' delightful Symphony in F (Op. 9). This work is no novelty at these concerts, where, indeed, it is highly appreciated. The music is as beautiful as it is clever, and one must regret that it is the composer's only effort in that particular branch. It is true that he died at the early age of thirty-four, but Schubert, who was three years younger when he joined the immortals, has left eight—or nine, if we count the fully sketched one in E. Madame Roger-Miclos gave, on the whole, an excellent reading of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor. The programme included the scherzo and finale from Schumann's Op. 52, two movements from Haydn's so-called "Clock" symphony, and the "Euryanthe" overture. The vocalists were Madame Belle Cole, Mdlle. Colombati, and Mr. Barrington Foote.

On the previous Monday the first part of the programme was devoted to Wagner—a significant sign of the times. A scheme of this kind would, only a few years back, have seemed preposterous. Such familiar pieces as the "Meistersinger" overture, the march from "Tannhäuser," and the "Ride of the Valkyries" need no detailed description. They all gave the greatest satisfaction, and the last was encored. There was likewise a capital selection by Signor Arditì from "The Flying Dutchman."

On September 4th, the "classical" night, Madame Roger-Miclos played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, with excellent technique, but she ought not to have taken the finale at such a rapid rate. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony was the stock-piece of the programme. The "Allegretto" from Beethoven's eighth symphony was also performed, but one does not like to see the works of the great master dismembered in this fashion.

There was a "Beethoven" night on Sept. 11th. Madame Miclos made her third appearance. The "Emperor" concerto, however, requires an interpreter who can leave the composer to speak for himself. The performance of the symphony, under Signor Arditì's baton, was one of great excellence. Miss Nettie Carpenter obtained much applause for her lady-like rendering of the Romance in F. Madame Patey and Mr. Piercy were the vocalists.

Mr. Leslie gave his first "classical" night at Her Majesty's Theatre on August 23rd. Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony was most effectively rendered: Signor Bevilacqua has indeed a fine body of players under his command, and an excellent leader in Mr. Betjemann. The strings were heard to advantage in Massenet's "Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge." M. Pachmann delighted his audience with pieces by Rubinstein, Chopin, and Liszt. Mr. Lloyd, who was in fine voice, sang the "Preislied" from the "Meistersinger."

On the following Friday Schubert's symphony in B minor, and the overtures to "Der Freischütz" and "Tannhäuser" had full justice done to them by the conductor and his orchestra. M. Tivadar Nachez played the last two move-

ments (why not the whole of the work?) of Mendelssohn's violin concerto in fairly satisfactory fashion. Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, gave a somewhat demonstrative performance of Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise. Miss Alice Gomez, Miss Marian Mackenzie, and Mr. F. Clive sang with much success.

On September 6th Señor Albeniz gave a spirited rendering of Weber's "Concertstück." M. Tivadar Nachez scarcely appeared to advantage in the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto. The performance of Mozart's G minor symphony was the great treat of the evening; the reading was a thoroughly classical one.

On September 13th the programme included Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, and the playing was again excellent; the opening movement was perhaps a little lacking in dignity. M. T. Nachez repeated his Mendelssohn performance. Miss A. Gomez and Mr. E. Lloyd were the principal vocalists.

On the following evening, M. Henri Marteau, a young and accomplished violinist, made a very successful appearance. He paid a visit to London about a year ago, and then made a good impression. He has a good tone and technique, and plays with soul. His piece was Vieuxtemps' showy "Ballade et Polonaise," and his encore a "Berceuse" by Sivioli.

The two Saturday "Plebiscite" programmes at these concerts on September 7th and 14th were interesting. At the first, Rossini's "William Tell" overture took the lead by an immense majority of votes, and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" came in first the following week. The "Pastoral" symphony and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" were first and second on the "Symphony" list both weeks—only on September 7th Beethoven won by 1618 votes, and on September 14th Mendelssohn by 571.

Rubinstein's Reading of Bach.

CHAPTER VII.

THE fourth Prelude of the Second Book in C sharp minor happens to be one of the favourites of Rubinstein—one of his treasures, his "Bach Nocturnes," as he says, and his playing of it is exquisitely poetic, dreamy, and calm. A marvel also of metronomic strictness in time; in fact, if there is anything that could persuade sentimental amateurs that the rhapsodical dragging and hurrying of time, the Chopin *tempo rubato* as they fancy it, is not necessary to make a piece beautiful, it would be perhaps Rubinstein's playing of this Prelude, for the most scientific mortal alive, devoid of all poetry, of all soul in his playing, and nothing if not a marvel of mathematical strictness, could not play this Prelude more strictly in time than Rubinstein, and yet his Prelude is a dream to linger over in delight Rubinstein plays it.

He commences *piano*, and a little mysteriously, as his hands lie on the keys they seem to press rather than strike the notes. Those who have heard Rubinstein can guess, therefore, the effect he brings forth. The turn on the second note of the treble he plays distinctly but softly, playing the holding notes in the bass strongly, and so that they sing not above the other voices, but distinguishably with them. At bar five he has a slight *crescendo* in the bass, and the whole he plays not as Czerny *allegretto moderato*, but *andante*.

The Fugue belonging to this Prelude is a regular virtuoso one, requiring clever fingers and a bright clear touch. Without these it is impossible to play it, especially at the pace Rubinstein takes it, which is also Czerny's, *allegro vivace*.

But whilst Czerny gives it *piano* and *sempre legato*, Rubinstein takes it *forte* and *non legato*, and this, one sees at a glance, is the true character of this Fugue.

Rubinstein phrases as below:—



Czerny not phrasing at all.

At the close Czerny uses *diminuendo e rallentando* and *ritenuto*, as well as *piano*.

Rubinstein plays till the end broadly, *forte*, and in strict time.

Next comes the great D major Prelude and Fugue, quite different this Prelude, with its pompous grandeur, to the preceding poetic one.

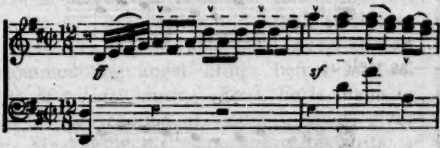
It is quite an organ Prelude under Rubinstein's treatment, and it is a revelation of what the pianoforte can be made to do, to hear him play it.

It is like some paean of victory, the notes in the second bar sounding like trumpet blasts, quite unlike Czerny, who plays them *piano*.

One of the great difficulties of this Prelude is the rhythm, as I have often heard Bülow declare. "Never forget," cries the great German pianist to his pupils, "that the time is $\frac{3}{8}$, not common time."

And unless the student remembers this, he will find himself unconsciously shortening the first crotchet of the second bar.

Rubinstein phrases this as below:—



Czerny giving otherwise:—



Rubinstein's phrasing of the fifth bar being specially effective and grand:—



One can only express it so, but perhaps it is as well to add for explanation that Rubinstein makes in the above example first the alto voice, and after the treble, of most importance.

It will be observed that Czerny has a difference in the writing down of the rhythm, that is, he uses dotted crotchets, whereas the Bach Gesellschaft Edition does not.

At bars fifteen and sixteen Rubinstein uses a *rallentando*, necessitated as one may see from the nature of the music, and again commences the subject inverted, with a grand double *forte* and majesty.

Czerny's method entirely spoils the character of this Fugue, especially at the close; *piano* and *diminuendo* he uses exactly where Rubinstein *crescendo* and double *forte*, with what good results the student had best ascertain for himself by playing both.

The Fugue, however, Rubinstein makes less of than Bülow, who plays it most poetically. Rubinstein does not; he gives it *forte* and *allegro*, Bülow instead giving it as Czerny, *andante* and *piano* both; and Rubinstein also phrasing as below:—



At bars four and five both Bülow and Czerny use a marked *crescendo*, terminating as the treble voice comes into *forte*. Rubinstein does not, since his from the beginning is *forte*.

At bar twenty the student will do well to observe that his playing is *dolce*.

Rubinstein ends *piano*, so does Bülow, Czerny observing *pianissimo*.

The next Prelude in D minor is one for the light-hearted and gay, as well as for the virtuous. *Allegro vivace* Rubinstein plays it, bringing the canonic parts out splendidly.

Rubinstein phrases this rather originally:—



Czerny, by the way, plays the mordent on the first note of the first bar in the bass, and the last note of the second, without C sharp, and gives it also plainly so, M without a line drawn through the middle downwards. Rubinstein, however, follows the Bach Gesellschaft edition, which gives it ψ .

For this Prelude the fingers must be in good order to attempt it at all, but especially to attempt it in the brilliant, dashing manner Rubinstein does.

At bars eighteen to twenty-five, Kroll's edition gives the option of playing the treble as beneath in either of the two ways. Rubinstein, however follows No. 1, not No. 2.

No. 1.



No. 2.



Of course evenness of play is the great necessity of this Prelude.

The Fugue Rubinstein takes *allegro*, Czerny *vivace*, Rubinstein phrasing it :—



Czerny instead



At bar thirteen, Kroll's edition gives the second half of the soprano voice, not only as Czerny does, but as well an octave lower.

We now reach the well-known Prelude and Fugue in E flat, so much played, perhaps the most played of all. Rubinstein's playing of this is characterized by its extreme calmness and placidity; both he and Czerny phrase it alike and as follows :—



Rubinstein does not use all the fancy *nuances* Czerny does, but at bar nine he sings the E flat in the soprano clearly, and all through his *legato* playing is marvellous, the very perfection of *legato* as well as the very perfection of *dolce* and of tranquillity.

At bar eleven the student should pay special attention to the crotchet C on the seventh beat of the bar.

Rubinstein ends very piano, Czerny *pianissimo*.

The Fugue belonging to this beautiful Prelude is one of the most difficult to play well, that is, intelligently. Rubinstein gives it if anything a pompous character; he phrases as Czerny does :—



but Rubinstein does not end *pianissimo* as Czerny, but *forte*.

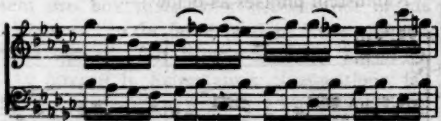
The Prelude in D sharp minor following No. 8, Rubinstein plays in a manner entirely his own.

Czerny gives *forte* and *allegro moderato*; Rubinstein, *piano* and *moderato* without the *allegro*.

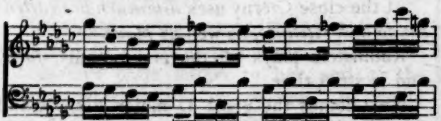
He makes *legato* the special characteristic, and, so far from playing it *forte*, gives it instead a quiet, rather dreamy, musing character.

Czerny's *allegro moderato* makes the second part very difficult to play intelligibly, but Rubinstein's *tempo* makes everything plain.

The Kroll edition, that which Bülow uses, gives the signature with six flats, and at bar twenty the option to the student of playing the following :—



instead of—



Rubinstein, however, plays the first.

The Fugue to this Prelude is one of the most difficult and obscure of the lot. It is played *andante* by Rubinstein, seriously and very gravely.

At the third and fourth beats, and the first and second beats of the first and second bars, Rubinstein uses a slight *crescendo*, so does Czerny, and of course in corresponding places throughout the entire Fugue, whenever the subject occurs.

The first and second bars Rubinstein phrases in one, as well as the third and fourth. He plays also *mezzo forte*, not *piano* as Czerny.

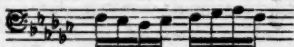
At bar eighteen—the latter half—Kroll's edition also gives the reading in the bass :—

No. 1.



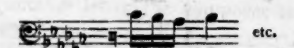
—as well as—

No. 2.



and at bar fifty—

No. 1.



—as well as—

No. 2.



Rubinstein, however, invariably in both places plays No. 2.

The following Prelude in E major is one of those which Rubinstein finds worth all the Cramer, Clementi, and Czerny exercises published, on account of the splendid *étude* it is for part playing, and woe betide the luckless pupil or young player who will play it to him, as well as to Bülow, without giving all the long notes their full value, and singing them.

This is a Prelude all should play; and if they read it as Rubinstein, *moderato*, and play it *piano*, that is, the semiquaver notes against the *forte* crotchets and minims, it is a very beautiful one.

The character of the Fugue Rubinstein styles as *serioso grave*, and he plays it so, bringing out in quite a wonderful manner the subject, even when most obscured by the other parts.

Bach has written no better Prelude and Fugue for students than this.

(To be continued.)

The Three Choirs Festival.

WHEN the Stewards of the Festival, held at Gloucester during the first week in September, met on Saturday the 7th, it was to congratulate everybody and everything in connection with the 1889 Meeting of the Three Choirs. Successive speakers bore testimony to the success of the gathering, both from the musical and from the financial point of view. Musically, it was undoubtedly one of the most successful Festivals in the annals of the Three Choirs, the 166th gathering of which it was. But when we speak of the pecuniary success of the Festival, it requires some little explanation to the ordinary person of business to make him believe that an enterprise which resulted in a deficit can be held to be satisfactory. With the Three Choirs Festival it is a question of degree. This year, though expenses were cut down by about £300 as compared with 1886, and though the attendance throughout the week compares very favourably with the tables for the last Festival, the depressing fact remains that there was a deficit of £180 to be made good by the Stewards. It is here, strange to say, that the congratulation comes in; for in other years the call upon the Stewards has been so much greater, that £1 a piece is looked upon as a mere fleabite. It is not for us to suggest to a large and capable body of men like the Stewards of the Gloucester Musical Festival why their triennial meetings are not a financial success; but when we bear in mind the advantageous conditions under which these Festivals are held, it is a matter of surprise that they are not worked upon a sound financial basis. It is gratifying to note that this aspect of the Festival occupied the serious attention of the Stewards at their general meeting; and, now that Mr. Joseph Bennett has a scheme for lessening the expenses of the chorus, and other matters have been well ventilated, we shall expect quite a different report three years hence from the excellent secretary, Mr. E. T. Gardom.

The readers of this magazine do not need to have described to them the interesting story of the rise and progress of the Three Choirs Festival from its little beginning, when, nearly two hundred years ago, members of the cathedrals of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester met at each place in rotation to improve their singing and for good fellowship's sake, to the important musical event it is recognised to be to-day. The pleasant story has been told before; but the object of the meeting, the collection of subscriptions for the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy in the Three Dioceses, is as good to-day as ever it was, and has just as strong claims upon the benevolent. Looking at the programme for the 1889 meeting, it was certainly drawn up in such a way as to attract the musical public from all parts of England—and we may add that it attracted not a few visitors from America. It included two important novelties in Mr. C. Lee Williams's Church cantata, "The Last Night at Bethany" (libretto by Mr. Joseph Bennett), and a short cantata, called "Elysium," by Miss Rosalind Ellicott, the gifted daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. In accordance with long-established custom, the "Elijah" was given on the Tuesday morning, and at the concert in the Shire Hall in the evening, Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal" formed the first part of the programme. Wednesday morning's

performance in the Cathedral included Dr. Hubert Parry's oratorio "Judith" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater;" and in addition to the composition of Mr. Williams (the Cathedral organist and conductor) already alluded to, the evening performance in the Cathedral included the two first parts of Haydn's "Creation." On Thursday, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," an "In Memoriam" overture by the same composer, Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and Spohr's "Last Judgment" were performed; and at the evening concert "The Golden Legend" was done, the "Messiah" being reserved for the Friday. The principal vocalists engaged were Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, and Mrs. Brereton (soprani); Miss Hilda Wilson and Miss Mary Morgan (contralti); Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. W. Nichol (tenori); and Mr. Barrington Foote and Mr. W. H. Brereton (bassi). It will be noticed from this list that the names of two leading vocalists long connected with these gatherings—that of Mr. C. Santley, who is in Australia, and that of Madame Patey—are conspicuous for their absence. The chorus, numbered over 200 voices, and was drawn from Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Cardiff, Bradford, Cambridge, Oxford, Bristol, Cheltenham, etc., and the splendid band, including the best known instrumentalists, was led by Mr. Carrodus.

Monday, September 2nd, was devoted to careful rehearsal of the novelties, and a very hard day's work it was for all concerned, and the Festival may be said really to have commenced on the Tuesday, when the Mayor and Corporation went in state to the ten o'clock service in the Cathedral, to hear a good service well sung by the choristers of the three Cathedrals, and a sermon by the Dean (Dr. Spence). One extract only will space allow us to quote from a suggestive and appropriate discourse:—

In the countless Cathedral services of to-day, which our people love so well, with a love, too, ever growing, we sing fragments of the great masterpieces of the past and present, sweet touching extracts from Mozart and Haydn, from Palestrina and Handel, from Wesley and Gounod, but at most but little fragments. This week some mighty, deathless works, as the Messiah and the Elijah, are sung in their entirety with all the skill and power which long preparation and careful study alone can give. World-famous artists help us, queens of songs, great singers, renowned musicians and composers, all bear their part in this splendid example of what a noble Cathedral service ought to be. Such a Festival as this has varied sides. It is a great lesson to all of us whose work it is to give our English Cathedrals their proper place of dignity and usefulness in the Church of England. It is, too, a perfect example to all true musicians, how these undying works of the great composers ought to be rendered. Their rightful home surely is a Cathedral like Gloucester. Here and in sister minsters alone can these great sacred works be rendered in all their solemn, sacred beauty. It is, too, the most eloquent of sermons ever preached to a listening people, a sermon which, through ideas of beauty, grandeur, and mystery, appeal to well-nigh every imagination, and through the imagination touch the mind, the conscience, and the heart; the soul is filled with all the beauty of holiness, and in this week a whisper, not once or twice, will thrill the vast listening crowd, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

The brief space between the conclusion of this service and the commencement of the "Elijah" at 1.30 was appropriately filled up by a *dejeuner* given by the Mayor of Gloucester at the Tolsey, to the principal personages connected with the Festival, a few Stewards, the composers, conductors, the singers, and the metropolitan and provincial critics. Of the

performance of the "Elijah" it will be unnecessary to speak at any length. It at once demonstrated the fact that the chorus was one of the finest bodies ever gathered at a Festival of the kind, a reputation they sustained during the week; and it also showed under what great disadvantages a man undertakes the Prophet music, when the public have been so long accustomed to hear it sung by Mr. Santley. Mr. Barrington Foote fell very far short of public expectation. In recitative he was both weak and faulty, and while in the more vigorous and dramatic solo, "Is not His word," he was fairly successful, in the exquisitely pathetic air, "It is enough," one was forced to the sad conclusion that Mr. Foote does not possess the essentials for a perfect rendering of Elijah's part. The secular concert held in the Shire Hall on Tuesday evening was badly attended, so badly attended that the Stewards are seriously considering whether it shall not be discontinued in after years, and a night performance in the Cathedral substituted for it. The "beggarly array of empty benches" was all the more unsatisfactory because the programme was a particularly strong and interesting one. Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal" was quite new to a Gloucester audience; a good deal of local interest would naturally have been expected in the production for the first time of a work by Miss Ellicott; and Mr. Bernard Carrodus played for the first time in England a violin concerto by Hans Sitt. Dr. Mackenzie's work deserves to be more generally performed than has been its fate since its production about a year ago at Liverpool. "The Dream of Jubal" is so unlike anything else that it is difficult to classify it. It is a recitation with elaborate musical descriptive accompaniment throughout, the music and the poem being regarded as of equal importance. Mr. Joseph Bennett's blank verse is indeed worth careful study, and Mr. Charles Fry, the reciter, did ample justice to it. The idea is that Jubal falls asleep, and an accommodating angel brings before him all sorts of typical music. First, he is made to hear a congregation at worship, which gives Dr. Mackenzie his opportunity to write a "Gloria in excelsis;" then, in a vision, Jubal sees a house of mourning, and hears a song of comfort and consolation; then, before the slumbering Jubal is conjured up a vision of a thronged city awaiting the return of victorious troops, Dr. Mackenzie writing a typical triumphal march and chorus; again the scene is changed, and Jubal sees in his dreams a harvest field, and one of the rustics sings a characteristic song praising the sickle over the sword; then a hero is being borne to the grave, and there follows a magnificent funeral march, "Weep for the glorious dead;" the whole interesting and novel work concluding with a grand invocatory chorus, as Jubal awakes and dedicates the wondrous gift of Music to God. The work received a very fine rendering under the personal direction of the composer, who was warmly applauded. Miss Anna Williams sang the soprano solo, and Mr. Edward Lloyd the tuneful "Song of the Sickle." Miss Ellicott's "Elysium," written expressly for this Festival, and performed for the first time at this concert, is a melodious and scholarly setting to a poem by Mrs. Hemans. It consists of eight numbers all flowing continuously without a break, and is for solo soprano (Miss Anna Williams) and chorus. The work was heartily received, and Miss Ellicott had to leave her place in the audience to bow her acknowledgments to the continuous applause. The third novelty was a charmingly melodious violin concerto by a young Prague composer, Hans Sitt, which was faultlessly played, without reference to note, by

Mr. B. Carrodus, a worthy son of a worthy sire.

Very great local interest was manifested in Wednesday morning's performance in the Cathedral, owing to the fact that Dr. Parry is a Gloucestershire man, of whom the county is well proud. His oratorio, "Judith," was excellently performed, and the composer conducted. The solos were allotted to Miss Anna Williams (Judith) and Mr. Edward Lloyd (Manasseh), the original exponents of the parts on the production of the work at the last Birmingham Festival; and Miss Hilda Wilson sang the important contralto solos in a manner that much enhanced her already great fame; and Mr. W. H. Brereton was the bass soloist. The remainder of the programme was devoted to a rendering of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." In the evening Mr. Williams's Church cantata, "The Last Night at Bethany," was produced for the first time. It deals with the incident in Scripture history where Jesus sat at meat with Martha and Mary, and the breaking of the box of precious ointment upon our Saviour's feet. The cantata is not a great work in any sense of the word, but its strong devotional treatment, its splendid choruses, and delicate instrumentation will make it one of the most popular works of its class. Mr. Williams conducted a faultless rendering of the work, band, chorus, and soloists (Madame Albani and Mr. Edward Lloyd) making it evidently a labour of love. The first two parts of the "Creation" completed the programme, which was heard by no less than 3,500 people, accommodated in every available part of the spacious Gothic minster.

Thursday may be described as Sir Arthur Sullivan's day. The performance commenced with his "In Memoriam Overture," which was written and produced at Norwich as far back as 1866, when the composer was quite a young man. It is an eloquent sermon in music, and was intended as an expression of Sir Arthur's grief on losing his father. This was followed by a revival of "The Prodigal Son," written for and produced at Worcester in 1869, but which, owing no doubt to the subject of the cantata, has been very seldom performed since. It is full of interest, and, now that public attention has been again called to "The Prodigal Son," we shall expect to hear of its performance many times during the season in London and in the provinces. The principals who took part in the work were Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Barrington Foote. "The Prodigal Son" was followed by Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and that by Spohr's "Last Judgment," excellent performances being given at each. At the evening concert Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted his "Golden Legend," with Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton as principals. There was an extraordinary demand for tickets, and the performance was such as to give the composer and audience complete satisfaction.

The Festival of 1889 concluded, as so many of its predecessors have done, with a rendering of the "Messiah," which calls for little comment, except that in the great solo for bass and trumpet, the trumpet (Mr. M'Grath) would not sound. In the evening there was a grand free service in the Cathedral, which was literally thronged, when Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was done in its entirety, in place of a sermon, by full band and chorus and principals, and which ended with Beethoven's "Hallelujah" from "The Mount of Olives." Collections on behalf of the charity were made after each performance, and over £1,500 was subscribed in this way.

Summer Music in Paris.

—:o:—

THE month of September was most enjoyable in Paris, although it must be confessed that during the first week the weather was exceedingly hot. But when, like John Gilpin, one is on pleasure bent, temperature is but a secondary consideration. On Thursday afternoon, September 5, a "Grande Audition Officielle" was announced to be given at the large Salle des Fêtes du Trocadéro, and I went there, curious to see how many people would be induced to leave the gay *boulevards* and the thousand and one attractions of the Exhibition for the confined air of the concert-room. The hall was crammed, and very few of the audience left before the close. Their behaviour, too, was exemplary. The French are certainly more demonstrative than we are, and every now and then, when *les premiers violons* of M. Danbé's excellent orchestra dashed off some brilliant passage, or when the orchestra played with extra *raffinement*, expressions of approval were heard; but for the rest the music was listened to in rapt silence.

The programme was a tempting one. One may admire the symphonies of Beethoven or the music-dramas of Wagner, but one must indeed be prejudiced if unable to enjoy the light sparkling music of the best French composers.

The Overture to Zampa is familiar enough,—perhaps a little too familiar in the shape of a pianoforte duet or as given by a street band,—but M. Danbé and his excellent orchestra really managed to make it appear quite fresh. Other overtures given during the afternoon were Auber's "Domino Noir" and A. Adam's "Giralda." There was plenty of vocal music. Two fragments, a *duo* and *cantique* for soli and chorus, from Méhul's "Joseph," were well rendered; and the quaint but lovely strains of the old classical composer did not suffer by comparison with more modern works. Another specimen of early music, though of a lighter kind, was the charming *cavatine* from Boieldieu's "La Fête au Village Voisin," sung in an expressive manner by M. Soulaçroix. But composers of the day were also well represented. A pretty *Chœur des Vendangeuses* and a *ballade* from Leo Délibes' "Jean de Nivelle," a work which, produced in 1880, was performed more than one hundred times in the course of that year, gave great satisfaction. Selections from Saint-Saëns' "Proserpine," and E. Reyer's "La Statue," though containing some interesting music, were not so successful. Fragments from Bizet's "La Jolie Fille de Perth" reminded one of a composer whose early death was so great a loss to French art. The music of the above-mentioned work is fresh and beautiful, but it is difficult, while listening to it, to forget the more characteristic "Carmen," written twelve years later.

M. J. Massenet's Opera Romanesque entitled "Esclarmonde" is at the present moment filling the Opéra Comique at Paris two or three times a week, and a brief account of this work may prove acceptable to our readers. The libretto, by MM. Blau and Gramont, is of a sensational kind, as will be seen from the following. Phocas, emperor of the East, like Diocletian, resolves to pass the remainder of his days in honourable repose, and his beautiful daughter Esclarmonde becomes queen. Phocas orders a tournament to be held at Byzantium when

she is twenty years old, and the victor in that tournament may claim the hand, if not the heart, of the fair lady. The crowd in a brief and tuneful chorus sing the praises of the "divine Esclarmonde." This lady, however, confides a secret to her sister Parseis; she has lost her heart to a certain knight, Roland. The two sing a light and graceful duet based on a love theme which occurs frequently in the course of the work. Esclarmonde in a *scena* calls upon Hecate and Astarte to help her to transport Roland to a magic island where she may meet him.

Her invocation to the spirits of the air is peculiar, and has a certain Eastern character about it. At the beginning of the second act Roland is in this magic island, and hears soft singing around him. Esclarmonde appears, and warbles a pretty song with light accompaniment. This of course leads to a love duet, the music of which is soft and flowing. In the next scene Esclarmonde declares her love: She announces how they will always be able to meet, and she gives him a sword which will enable him to triumph over all foes. But he must be silent respecting their union. The music continues to the end of the act as described above. Act 3 offers considerable contrast. The French king, Cléomar, has been defeated by the Saracens, and the infamous victor demands as tribute a hundred virgins. The people of Blois express their sorrow in a doleful chorus. But suddenly mourning is turned into joy, for Roland arrives, and in vigorous strains challenges the infidel king to single combat. The people then shout a lively if somewhat conventional chorus. While Roland fights, the Bishop of Blois prays. The music which he sings, by its melodiousness and fervour, produces considerable effect; the chorus repeat his words in chant form. Suddenly sounds of victory are heard. Roland arrives. The king proposes to give him his daughter in marriage, but the knight, to the astonishment of all, declines the honour. While the Saracen prisoners pass in procession before the hero, the chorus repeats the chorus of rejoicing. In the next scene the Bishop interviews Roland, and with some difficulty extorts from him his secret. Suddenly the voice of Esclarmonde is heard with her "Invocation" phrase, into which are here introduced cadenzas containing some exceptionally high notes (for the execution of which Madame Sibyl Sanderson, who takes the rôle, secures immense applause). The Bishop orders the woman to be seized; she is, however, protected by the spirits of the air. Thus ends the third act. There are some effective passages in the music, but the greater part of it does not show any marked individuality.

The next act presents to us Phocas in the Ardennes forest. He inquires of Parseis the fate of Esclarmonde, who has disappeared, and summons the spirits of the air to give her up. She appears, asking pardon of her father. By his orders she announces to Roland that she loves him no longer. But the epilogue sets everything right. The Byzantium tournament takes place; Roland is victor, yet, faithful to his adored one, he refuses the hand of the veiled Esclarmonde. But when, her veil falling, he recognises her, he is overcome with joy; the people sing the "O divine Esclarmonde" of the prologue, and the curtain falls.

The story has a certain attraction, and the music for the most part is melodramatic, and appeals to the popular taste. Then, too, the performance is one of great excellence. All this will explain the popularity of Esclarmonde. It contains nothing, however, likely to secure for it a long lease of life.

Another work is at the present moment being

also given at the same theatre. This is M. Edouard Lalo's "Roi d'Ys."

Here we learn what the feminine heart is capable of when suffering the pangs of disappointed love. Margared, daughter of the king of Ys (the story is founded on an old French legend), hearing of the return of the knight Mylio, whom every one thought dead, refuses to become the wife of Prince Karnac, to whom she had been betrothed. The latter, smarting under the insult, leads an army against the town; but Mylio meets him in battle and defeats him. His services are rewarded by the hand of the fair Rozenn, the king's second daughter. Margared, having lost the prince without gaining the knight, seeks revenge. Birds of a feather flock together, and she and the prince unite in an infamous plot. The town of Ys is protected by flood-gates from the encroachments of the sea: these they resolve to open, and carry out their intention. Stricken, however, by remorse for what she has done, Margared hastens to the king, makes confession, and then casts herself into the angry waves. The marine deities accept this sacrifice, and the sea returns to its proper boundaries. M. Lalo is an accomplished musician, and the score of his opera is full of interest. The melodies are bright, the harmonies piquant, while in the treatment of the orchestra much skill is displayed.

In the first act there are two lively choruses: the crowd is singing in front of the palace. There is something very fresh and taking about these two numbers: the second, with its popular rhythm and graceful accompaniment, sets the audience in good humour. The scene of the refusal is effective. In the second act the interest grows. There is a great deal of feeling and passion in the Margared music. A quartet deserves mention for its truthful expression. Rozenn, Mylio, and the king, in quiet, peaceful strains, are singing of the victory which they anticipate. Margared, apart, is giving utterance to her sorrow in tremulous tones. Another fine number is the duet for the two sisters. Margared is overcome with rage, and Rozenn tries to soothe her. The music has nothing forced about it, and yet it makes a strong impression. A short and lively chorus, to celebrate the return of the victorious Mylio, comes suitably before the sombre scene between Margared and Karnac, when they arrange their diabolical plot.

The third act opens with a delightful chorus. Young men and maidens are in front of the bride's chamber. The former seek to gain admittance, and are driven back by the latter. "Open the door," they cry. "No," reply the young girls; and so goes on this amusing *badinage*. The catastrophe at the end, when the sea comes on apace, is graphically described by the orchestra.

M. Lalo has been lucky in having good artistes for the leading rôles. Mesdames Blanche Deschamps and Simonnet are admirable in the rôles of Margared and Rozenn, and in personal appearance they contrast well. Each has a part which fits her *comme un gant*. M. Saléza is an excellent Mylio, and MM. Cobalet and Soulaçroix distinguish themselves as the king and Karnac.

The stage mounting is first-rate. M. Danbé and his orchestra need no praise.

RUBINSTEIN has just finished a Concertstück for pianoforte and orchestra, which will be played for the first time in public in Paris by Mr. Bretnier. Rubinstein's oratorio "Moses," on which he has been for some time engaged, will not be finished till next year, although more than half of it is now complete.

A Song in Gold.

("Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern.")

SOME men have the spirit of music in their brains. If they sit still and think, their thoughts seem to dissolve into soundless music. But they are few. You could almost count them upon your fingers and thumbs.

Many years ago there was a youth named Franz, who lived with his master, a goldsmith, in a little village which nestled at the foot of a great hill, as if for protection. Beyond the village lay pleasant meadows, through which the brooks glided like singing serpents. Further on were the blue hills, where none but charcoal-burners and the birds lived. They were high, wooded hills, and over them were but few roads. These were rough and rutty; the charcoal-burners had made them for their waggons. Few people cared to visit the hills, for the ascent was not of the easiest, and, besides, what was there to tempt the curious? The world is busy and time is short. So few people ever went up into the hills, save now and then some one who had business to transact with the charcoal-burners. Those who lived in the village or in the farmhouses which stood in the pleasant meadow-lands knew and cared little what the blue hills might hide in their forest crowns.

Now, old Karl, the goldsmith, kept his little shop in the village, and had no other help than Franz, who was a strong, handsome youth, full of vigour and life, and gifted with an industry that was next to tireless. Every morning he was up with the birds, and you could see him at his bench even before the market waggons came into the streets from the surrounding country, and hear him singing too; for he always sang over his work, and perhaps that was one reason why he was always pleasant-faced and bright-eyed, for singing goes with the blithe heart and healthful soul. Besides this, Franz was a perfect gem of a goldsmith. The line of beauty must have existed somewhere in the convolutions of his brain. He fashioned the most delicate, filmy webs of gold, and twisted them into a thousand beautiful devices, and snarled them about exquisite little vases of glass that looked as if they were made of congealed light. In fact, he created such marvels of design and artistic beauty that one might have said that they were notations of music in gold,—music posed and fixed in some blessed paralysis. Old Karl used often to pause in his own work to look over his spectacles at the apprentice, and wonder from what recess in his brain he spun out his golden fancies. Old Karl used to enjoy asking himself such questions, although it was very certain that he could never answer them; for he was a thoughtful man, fond of discussing curious problems like this, and was for ever trying to get at the kernel and reason of things. Up-stairs, over his shop, he had a low but wide room, with its back windows buried in the leaves of some fragrant trees which his own hand had planted, and its front windows looking out across the meadows and to the blue hills beyond. In that room he had more books than I should care to enumerate. There were great worm-eaten folios which one could not well hold on his knees, and there were curious old volumes bound in parchment and printed in the bastard Latin of the Middle Ages, and fat little volumes that you might easily carry in your pocket. They lay in unregenerate confusion on the table, the chairs, and the floor. Sometimes old Karl would sit there

all night, vexing his brain over the recondite things of which these volumes treated. Strange volumes some of them were; for he had old Abbot Trithemius, and Albertus Magnus, and Aquinas. He had Delirio too, the grim demonologist, and Paracelsus, and Cordanus, and Agrippa. There, too, were old Wickerus, with his *Book of Secrets*, and Reuchlin the cabalist, and many other writers of strange things, in all of whom Karl delighted, for he thought that by their aid he might at last come to the pith and kernel of things. If you wanted to read of wonders, you should have climbed up into old Karl's book-room. You could have read yourself blind and crazy with them there.

Now, the work that came from the goldsmith's shop was known far and wide, not only in the great city which lay scarcely a score of miles from the village, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. It commanded the best of prices, and was, you might say, standard. Everybody knew that the old goldsmith was as conscientious as his apprentice was wonderful, so that the little village workshop came into great repute, and the demand for its productions far exceeded the supply.

One bright morning, just as the sun shot its slanting rays through the early mists, Franz sat at his bench singing a merry carol, and working away at a fruit-piece which had been promised as a wedding gift. He had risen that morning even before the sun, even before the crows came from the forest-crown of the blue hills and descended into the meadows for food, for the piece had been guaranteed for a certain hour, and many finishing touches had yet to be given. He was plying his burnisher merrily enough, when the door of the shop opened, and a stranger entered.

"Greeting to you, Master Goldsmith," cried the new-comer. "One might say that you get to work thus early that you may fashion the sunshine into your piece. A broad bar of it lies now across your bench. May you grow rich, gold-worker, for you are an early and sturdy worker."

"Easier wished than realized," laughed Franz. "Riches don't come for the wishing, especially to apprentices. You had better go talk to Master Karl if the profits of my labours is the only subject that you have in mind. And as for other subjects, I can only say my time is precious. So, if I can serve you, I will listen. If you—"

"You want to be left alone. Well, I can talk just as well while you work."

Back and forth flew the burnisher, and Franz bent over his bench again. He took the stranger for an idler, and did not care to waste further time on him. But the visitor did not allow himself to be thus rebuffed.

"As for Master Karl," he said, "I know him to be a patient, worthy man and an excellent goldsmith, but he cannot do the work which I require. Fifty years ago the case might have been different. I require now a young heart and lissom fingers. In short, I require *you*. If you serve me well, if you accomplish my work, I will pay you handsomely. I will cover your hand three deep with gold pieces; and more, I guarantee that Master Karl shall allow you to retain them as the legitimate fruits of a genius which is assuredly not in its apprenticeship. What say you, Franz?"

"So much gold! Mine?" Franz dropped his burnisher, and the lovely fruit-piece almost tumbled to the floor.

"Yours!" replied the stranger, with gravity. "And what I say I mean. Listen, Franz. I live in Germany, and there I secured one of the best of your works. When I return I must take with me the newest and the best—something

more wonderful than you have heretofore made."

"And should I fail—?"

"Not the sight of a coin shall you get, and I am not quite sure that I shall not take you by the ears for trifling with me."

"But why should I fail? Is it anything so very difficult of execution? You may have seen my Loreley candelabrum." The visitor nodded and smiled. "It almost made the master's fortune for him. Is it anything more difficult than that?"

"Yes; that was the singer. I wish the song. Write me a song in gold, Franz, and receive a thousand pieces for your genius."

"Give me your idea."

"Pooh!" cried the stranger. "I have none. If I had, why should I pay you a thousand pieces of gold? Look to the resources of your genius for it. You have made the Loreley a singer in gold. I want you now to make me a song in gold. I want no vulgar design, no commonplace trick of the goldsmiths' art. Give me music in gold. I have no clearer understanding of my own idea than this. I cannot express it otherwise. Now, will you execute the work for me? Yes or no! for I must be gone. Like yourself, I have no time to spare. Is it yes?"

Determination stood Franz instead of inspiration. "I will assume the task!" he answered boldly.

"In a year from to-day," said the stranger, "bring the work to me, and may heaven and your fortunate star assist you in the undertaking." He threw his card on the bench, waved his hand, and left the shop abruptly.

The card bore no less a name than that of—No matter whom.

Who can carve for me in gold a singing thought? Who can fashion therein a succession of beautiful sounds? a visible presentment of melody? The façade of the cathedral of Rheims is, they say, frozen music; but it does not suggest a song. That was a happier thought of his who called it a poem in stone. But it is not such frozen music, or music thus molten into gold, that I demand. I ask something more. A person deprived of hearing will watch the lips of a speaker, and from their motion understand what is spoken; nay, will, when a word is withheld, apprehend from the mere formation and lines of the lips what that word would have been had it been uttered. So you can imagine a carved face whose lips should, by their position, suggest a word, or even a phrase, just as the face in the wondrous Laocoon suggests an expression of unutterable woe. Just so must this work in gold suggest the song, so that one might look upon it and have the music bubble from his lips.

You see, therefore, how almost hopeless was the task which Franz had imposed upon him.

When old Karl heard of the undertaking, he went nearly insane. He buried himself among his books, and read through I know not how many thousand pages of horrible Latin and Greek stuff, with the vague hope that, while fumbling amidst all this rubbish, he might by good fortune come upon some happy inspiration, or some approximation of the idea for which both were now so sedulously seeking. Alas! the books availed him not. The oracles were dumb, and would not be propitiated. The longer he read, the duller grew his brain, and the more hopeless became his quest; until at length, in sheer desperation, he commanded Franz never again to revert to the subject in his hearing, and thenceforth discharged it from his mind. Franz, meanwhile, acted more wisely, but with no better success. He cudgelled his brain night and day, drew design after design in an aimless, unintelligent way, and even fell to

dreaming over the matter at night. But all in vain. Each fresh idea was found, upon examination, to embody nothing of value, and after months of patient toiling in the generation of successive delusions, each as worthless as its predecessor, Franz was nearly ready to exclaim that he had undertaken a fool's task, which could by no possibility result otherwise than in shameful failure. Impressed with such an idea, he ceased to give the subject other than desultory thoughts, and applied himself once more to the routine of ordinary business. There are fearful stories told of men who have been buried in trances, and to such graves their friends, warned by some horrible inspiration, have returned again and again, with bated breath and finger on lip, to see if the dead have moved in their coffins. Franz had buried his idea, to be sure, yet he had a vague presentiment, compounded half of hope, half of desire, that its inhumation had been premature. And so he returned to it again and again, and as frequently turned his back upon it, but never without an uneasy sense that some little vitality was still remaining. One evening he grew so nervous from mentally rehearsing his ill fortunes, that, with a hope of diverting his mind, he went up into the book-room, where old Karl was, as usual, buried to the ears in one of his ponderous volumes.

"Well, master," said Franz, "your books don't help one much when he is in search of practical ideas, do they?"

"If you mean by that such fool's-errand ideas as those of your patron with the thousand pieces of gold—they don't! The best book to look for such things in is this," retorted the master rather sharply; for he always grew cross-grained and red in the face when he thought of the time that he had wasted in the matter. And, so saying, he tossed a little book across to Franz. "That's a volume of pious legends and monkish miracles," he said grimly. "If a miracle's what you want, you'll find plenty of them there." And he dropped his face so suddenly that it almost seemed as if he had split open the great volume on his knees with his nose, and buried his head to the helve in it.

"That's all that I'll get out of you to-night," grumbled Franz, as he turned over the pages of the little miracle-book in a listless, discontented way. He thought that he might as well be doing that as moping down-stairs in the shop, and thinking over his defeats. At length here a word and there a word attracted his attention, until, without knowing it, he had quite lost himself in—

THE LEGEND OF ABBOT ERRO.

... Old Abbot Erro, of Armentaria, sat with his face bowed above the Sacred Book. It was far into the night. Again and again he had turned the hour-glass, again and again had addressed himself to his studies. He had sat from the time when the sun sank like a blazing world behind the purple hills; and now the thin, tremulous moon hung like a sickle among the ungarnered fields, wherein the stars lay sown like burning seeds. Constellation after constellation had swung up from Polaris, the glittering pivot of the heavens, and already had Ursa Major swam half his circuit in the circle of perpetual apparition. Still Abbot Erro bent painfully above the pages of the Sacred Book, with bitten lip, his deep, solemn eyes fixed upon the mysterious lines which had caused him so much doubting solicitude:—"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The divine soul within the good man accepted the hidden truth, while his mind, trained

in the sophistries and casuistries of the schools, questioned, if it did not deny. He could not understand how, even to Omnipotence, the slow, orderly advance of ten centuries, of three-and-thirty generations of human life, could be merged into moments. Finite reason rebelled against the infinite thought; and, sick at soul, the good abbot sighed, and, closing the volume, fastened its brazen clasps. But the doubt haunted him. He could not sleep; he could not rest.

When the sun arose, Abbot Erro, still pondering upon the mystic words, passed out from the gardens of the monastery. The fresh fragrance of the forest lured him on, the vernal solitudes invited him. Seated beneath an aged tree, he pondered again the solemn words: "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The sunshine flooded the crowns of the mighty trees, and dripped like yellow rain upon the woodland paths. The brooks rang their flitting bells in hidden pools. The soft winds passed through the leaves like the whispers of invisible beings. But Abbot Erro saw not, heard not. His soul still wrestled with the angel, as did Jacob of old, and would not let him go without the blessing.

Presently came the song of a bird from the depth of the wood. Erro listened. It came soft and low, like the gurgle of a liquid flute. What the flower is to the plant, that is song to the bird; and such a song was this, that Erro arose and followed the beckoning sound. Fresh and clear came the wondrous notes; but no bird did the good monk see, for the fluttering leaves hid it from his longing eyes. It fled before him, and he followed. The burden of his soul was forgotten. He did not even hear the bell of the monastery tolling to prayers. But he followed the gurgling notes as one might follow the song of the brook beside which he walks—on through the woodland paths, on through the tangled undergrowth and the evergreen thicket, until the elusive song grew faint in the green distance of leaves, and lost itself in the drone of the early bees. sorrowfully Erro retraced his steps. He felt that something sweet had eluded him for ever. At the gate of the monastery the porter refused him entrance. "Am I not the Abbot?" he asked mildly. "And yet my brethren refuse me that which they grant to the stranger and the wayfarer." "The Abbot is within at matins." "Within! Am I not the Abbot Erro? and is not this my charge?" "Farther down by the wood thou shalt find the ruins of old Erro's monastery: there they have lain for more than a hundred years, and it must be near two centuries ago that Erro himself wandered into the woods, and was heard of no more."

Abbot Erro gazed into the faces that surrounded him. They were strange and full of pity. His eyes wandered to the towers of the monastery at whose gate he stood; the tooth of time had not yet gnawed upon them. Then the old man smote his breast and wept aloud. Two centuries had been measured out to him in the song of a bird. He bowed his grey head upon his staff. "Father, O Father," he murmured, "I thank Thee for this blessed revelation. 'A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.'"

"Master," cried Franz, "to-morrow I will follow the birds." True to his determination, Franz was ready with the sun. In his hand was his staff, and his bread-wallet was at his belt. He passed along the village street, singing in his old, happy way. No one heard him;

he was too early even for the housewives. How sweet is the early morning! The eyes of the world are pleasant to look into before they are quite awake.

The village was soon behind him. He was out on the cool, brown road, whose grassy borders still glittered with the persistent drops of a midnight shower. The trees shook their tresses at him in the morning breeze.

"Where are ye, O birds?" cried Franz. "Come and sing me your songs, and tell me how I may fashion them in gold."

He threw himself down by the brook that came sliding and gurgling through the long grass of the fertile meadow, and bathed his forehead in its coolness. "Sing me your song, O brook!" he cried. But the laughing waters only blew their bubbles in his face, and danced away, clicking their liquid castanets. The little silver-sided fishes came up, and pouted at him with their great, solemn mouths, and seemed to be mumbling to themselves their discontent. Franz crumbled a bit of bread for them, then rose to his feet and grasped his staff. "Give me your songs, O insects in the summer grass and in the nodding sedges!" he cried. Only a gold-belted bee buzzed at his ear, then dropped and hid itself in the horn of a meadow flower. "Pshaw! ye still-mouthed things," said Franz. "What care ye for the sorrows of a wandering goldsmith, who has come to steal your music?"

Just then he caught sight of a little brown bird that was enjoying a morning swing among the long sedges, and drying its feathers in the early sun. "Whichever way you go, little fellow, I shall follow," muttered Franz; "be it up the blue hills, or on through the notch and into the smoky valleys beyond." The bird rose from the spray, fluttered for a moment in the air, as a humming-bird does before a flower, then slid and dropped, slid and dropped, as little brown birds are wont to do, whistling with every slide, as if the vocal and muscular efforts were results of the same impulse. On through the fresh green grass went Franz, here pausing to pluck a meadow flower for his hat, there to contemplate the inversion of blue sky and sedges in some still pool, wherein the rushes and the lush grasses buried their roots. Then over the fences and into the broad sepia wood, and beneath the overhanging trees, along the deep-flowing brook, which ran by the old mill, with moss-crusted eaves, and rotten, silent wheel; past the broad, glassy, shadow-haunted pond, wherein the great, creamy water-lilies rode at green anchor; past the low farmhouses, whose wet, Vandyke-brown shingles are a feast of colour to the eye, and from whose chimneys the cheery breakfast smoke was just beginning to rise; the air full of birds and sunshine, the brooks of sound and motion, the grasses swarming with insect life, and over the flower-knots the butterflies flapping their drowsy wings or sailing slowly through the air, with black, feathery wings set like the lateens which stud the purple seas of Zante.

Franz felt his soul refreshed and elated; the warm, pure air, washed and purified by the showers of the night, was wine to his senses. He swung his staff and shouted to the great sun, whose glory was in the heavens and upon the beautiful earth. At such a time all the sensations of being are pleasures; physical life exists in the midst of its most perfect conditions; the muscles, the nerves, the tissues, the blood, rejoice together, and through them the soul enjoys and exults.

Meanwhile the little brown bird, now fluttering through the matted thickets, now diving into the cool recesses of the nodding trees, now, in the sheer caprice of joyous life, darting into the blue air and chirping to the sun, was near-

ing the great hills. It was hard to tell whether man or bird was the happier.

Franz did not regard the road which led circuitously up to the kilns of the charcoal-burners. He planted his staff firmly in the tough, moist sod, and commenced mounting right on the precipitous side among the cedars, which stretched their low, rigid branches as if to intercept him. I need not here recite the history of his upward scramble; how he startled the birds from their nests in the evergreens, or roused the moping hawk which, poised high in the sunshine upon the stark dead limb of some decaying tree, watched the misty landscape with glittering eyes; how he came upon the hot, grey rocks whereon the prickly cactus grows, and where the emerald stag-beetles were sunning themselves. It was quite noon before he reached the bald summit of the highest hill, for he had loitered rather than walked; and now, after a lunch upon the contents of his wallet,—a lunch which the birds shared with him,—he stretched himself in the deep brown shade of a hemlock clump and slept. Of what should he have dreamed? Men have dreamed music in their sleep. Rousseau dreamed that he stood by the gates of Paradise and heard the angelic voices singing that tune which the church psalmodies have individualized by the dreamer's name. I could not even guess what Franz dreamed. It is hard to prophesy what will fly into that gossamer web which the spider Sleep spins across the brain.

Franz was awakened by the noisy clamour of a flight of crows who were out birds'-egging. There they were, floating in the blue heavens like so many black crosses. Then they sank slowly behind the trees. Franz turned over and lay with his elbows buried in the dry, crinkly mosses and his chin in his hands. It was a splendid position in which to receive an inspiration, and inspiration, you will remember, was what he was in search of. None came from the crows, however, though a painter might find inspiration in a flight of crows against a saffron sky quite as well as in a group of red-brown cows standing hoof-deep in the moist grasses which rim the meadow pools. Then Franz turned to the robins that were hopping and strutting in their red lapels like as many martinets. "Ah, if you would only be good enough to give me a lift with an idea!" he thought. But they wouldn't. Franz yawned, and drummed a tattoo with his toes. Presently an antiphonal chirping and singing over the slope of the hill and towards the charcoal-burners' huts attracted his attention. "Here comes my inspiration," yawned Franz. He rose to his knees and peered over the intervening bushes.

Midnight found him bending over his work in Master Karl's shop!

Like the good old Abbot Erro, Franz had lost nothing by following the birds. It soon became noised throughout the village that Franz, the goldsmith's apprentice, had caught an inspiration up in the summits of the blue hills, and was fixing it in gold. All that the good villagers knew about the hills and the woods was, that they were there; that the former were hard to climb, that the latter were worth so much the cord for cutting and hauling. They wondered what sort of an idea it was, and, indeed, tried hard to find out. But Franz had moved his bench up-stairs into the room which had its windows twined in the leaves of the fragrant trees. There he could work unseen and unmolested, but you could hear his merry voice all day as he sang over his work.

The months rolled on. Autumn came, and the dolphin woods showed their dying colours to the receding sun. Winter came, and

wrestled like an athlete with the leafless trees, and laid the meadows in snow. Spring came, and the sun returned, and in its trail rolled the great wave of verdure, the coming in of the full, strong tide of the life of the flowers and the green things. Again the waste places sang, again the brooks went gliding and gurgling through the grass of the meadows. Franz had finished his labours, and when the appointed day arrived he took his staff in hand, and, with his wondrous work beneath his arm, started upon his journey. His patron met him at the door and embraced him.

"If the work prove not a success," he said gravely, "you may expect nothing better to-night than a bed in the stable."

"Trust the birds for that," laughed Franz.

In the evening he was ushered into the long drawing-room, where were many guests assembled. To his astonishment, he beheld his wondrous Loreley candelabrum set up in the centre of the room, and shedding a mellow light from its blushing branches. Before it, and well in its rays, he set the rosewood case which contained his golden message from the woods.

"Gentlemen," said the patron, advancing, "you have all admired the elegant genius which has found expression in the Loreley candelabrum."

"Divine!" cried M. Recru, from the Conservatory of Paris.

"Crystallized thought!" interjected Professor Vogelkehle, who could reach the high C without catching his breath or winking.

"Enchanting!" thundered Señor Borrascoso, the eminent Spanish basso.

"My friends," continued the patron, "you see that the Loreley sings! But who can translate to me the song which lies poised behind her golden lips? No one! Then I have called upon the artist whose handiwork she is to help me in my dilemma. He has promised me a song in gold."

"Impossible!" cried the critics.

"Yet here it is, in this case, if I mistake not."

All eyes were turned upon it.

"An accordéon—a vile instrument!" ejaculated Professor Vogelkehle. "Excuse me, my host, I have an engagement right away."

"A music-box!" groaned M. Recru. "And I hate music-boxes."

"Or a hand-organ," sneered Borrascoso. "That is a vulgar genius which substitutes cranks and springs for soul."

"One moment, friends," pleads the patron, with an encouraging smile at Franz. "Let the workman's work speak for itself."

Franz threw open the case. The guests gathered round. The patron's brow fell. His friends looked at the work, then at each other.

Wrought with wondrous delicacy, there stood in Etruscan gold a five-railed country fence, its posts rooted in the high grass. Near it there were thick bushes, their foliage enamelled, their blossoms fretted, and set here and there with rain-drops of crystal. Upon the fence, and just by the first post, a single delicate vine twined itself fantastically among the bars into the sign of the treble clef.

The patron shook his head. "It is a fine bit of workmanship," he said slowly, and with evident disappointment. "Your country fence, with its five rails, corresponds, of course, to the bars and spaces of written music, and the curling vine indicates the treble clef. I suppose that a vivid imagination might infer the song." But there was that in his tone which seemed to add, "As I have to supply the vivid imagination, however, I don't propose to pay you any thousand pieces of gold for the affair."

The guests shook their heads. The thing was pretty in its way; but what of that? Had

they been called together for the purpose of viewing a mere bit of delicate goldsmith-craft? Had the critical Recru, the profound Borrascoso, who had composed a Mass in G, and the bird-throated Vogelkehle, who could reach the high C without shutting his eyes, been summoned for this? Each felt like a star that had obeyed an attraction, and rushed towards the new centre, expecting it to be a sun, and finding it only a cheap magnet, such as they sell in the shops for tenpence.

The wise Vogelkehle was the only one whose face did not fall. He held his chin and looked up at the ceiling for a moment, then smiled and cleared his throat. Franz touched a hidden spring, when lo! from the golden bushes, and from the high grass, flew the birds. Some perched upon the rails; others fluttered, with open bills, between them or above them. A murmur of delight broke from the assembled throng. Their souls were enlightened. Such are nature's notations of the silent, the unsung music of the sunny fields—the music which can be felt, but is not heard. But the wise Vogelkehle saw that the birds in this wondrous mechanism, each in its place, represented a sound, and so, reading them as notes, he sang them in his clear, bell-like tones, until the music trickled and rippled from his lips like the limpid waters of a mountain stream. The little golden birds leaped and fluttered into new positions at the regular beat of time, and when at length their rhythmical sport was over, they flew back into the yellow bushes, and the long, burnished grass.

Tears stood in Vogelkehle's eyes. He caught the hand of the young gold-worker, and pressed it with fervour. "It is an inspiration!" he cried, "for here is a song that none but the birds could have made." And so indeed it was, for I swear to you that I have heard it in the antiphonal songs of the thrushes throughout the long summer afternoons, when I have lain beneath the hemlocks, even as Franz lay, waiting for some of nature's pleasant inspirations. Others, too, have heard it, and love it, for well I know that this self-same song which Franz wrought in yellow gold, after the birds had taught it to him up in the blue hills, and which Vogelkehle sang so sweetly that night, is none other than the song which Reichard has set to the words, "*Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern.*"

And this is what Franz found in following the birds.

W. S. NEWELL.

Stanzas for Music.

—: o:—

SWEETER, BY FAR!

When the shadows fall, as the setting sun
Fast fades in the far-off west;
When the soft winds sigh in a lullaby,
With a dreamy sense of rest;
How sweetly attuned is the song-bird's note
In the woodland ringing clear!
But sweeter, by far, is the lover's voice
That falls on the willing ear!

When the pale moonlight to some sylvan scene
Lends a radiance from above;
When the heart is young, and the songs are sung
That breathe of the soul of love;
How sweetly attuned is the lover's voice
That falls on our willing ear!
But sweeter, by far, is the pledged troth
That's sealed 'neath the starlight clear!

When the shadow rays of the setting sun
Steal over the wayworn life,
And the head bows down with its silver crown,
To strive no more in the strife;
'Tis sweet to remember that lover's voice
That fell on our willing ear;
But sweeter, by far, is our time-tried love
That lives through each fleeting year!

E. ATTWOOD EVANS.

Shakespearian Music.

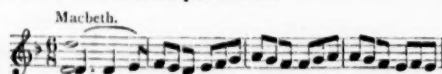
III.

ONE is only accustomed to associate the name of Haydn with that of our poet, for his setting of "She never told her love" from "Twelfth Night." There is certainly little else to say, but that little is interesting. Herr C. F. Pohl in his biography of the master informs us that while Haydn was in the service of Prince Esterhazy, he wrote incidental music to "Hamlet" and "King Lear." These two dramas, among others, were performed at Esterhazy by the *troupe* of Herr Carl Wahr, who first prepared "King Lear" for the German stage. Of Haydn's music no account is given. Many of the composer's operas were destroyed by fire in 1776, and possibly this incidental music may have shared a like fate.

If there is one composer more than another whom one feels was specially fitted to produce works bearing relation to Shakespeare's plays, it is Beethoven. "Shakespeare," says Wagner in his "Beethoven," "remained wholly incomparable, until German genius produced in Beethoven a being that can only be analogically explained by comparison with him. Take Shakespeare's dramatic world, with the uncommon pregnancy and distinctness of characters that move and meet in it; compress it to get a total impression upon your innermost feeling; then take Beethoven's world of musical motives with their irresistible penetrativeness and precision, and you will perceive that either of these worlds completely covers the other, that each is contained in the other, though they seem to move in entirely different spheres."

Beethoven wrote an overture to "Coriolanus" for a play entitled "Coriolanus" by Von Collin, but we are assured that the master was familiar with Eschenbach's translation of Shakespeare. Wagner, in the work mentioned above, points out how the musician in this tone-picture gives us the kernel of the action of the play: the figure of the defiant Coriolanus in conflict with an inner voice, which, in the person of his mother, speaks loudly to his pride, and at length masters it.

Beethoven wrote this overture early in 1807. In the following year the composer and the poet Von Collin discussed the question of a "Macbeth" opera. Collin wrote the first act, and Beethoven actually commenced the music. A sketch has been preserved:—



These bars are then repeated, without the two semibreves in the first. And curiously immediately after follows—



a phrase from the principal theme of the largo of the Pianoforte Trio in D (Op. 70, No. 1). There is something so eminently tragic about this movement that one is tempted to imagine that it may have been inspired by Shakespeare. Beethoven, in conversation with Neate, is reported to have said, "I have always a picture in my thoughts when I compose, and to which I work." And the picture was sometimes a Shakespearian one. His pupil Ries once asked him the meaning of the Sonata Appassionata, and his

answer was, "Read Shakespeare's 'Tempest.'" There is one more allusion to the "Macbeth" opera—or music-drama, as we should prefer to call it. On a sheet of paper containing sketches of the Ruins of Athens, is written:—

Macbeth Overture proceeds without break to the Chorus of Witches.
(Overture Macbeth fällt gleich in den Chor der Hexen ein.)

M. V. Collin, the brother of the above-named poet, in a notice of his brother's works, published at Vienna in 1814, relates that the "Macbeth" libretto, based on Shakespeare, which was to be written for Beethoven, was abandoned in the middle of the 2nd act because it threatened to become too sombre.

Mr. F. Niecks, in his biography of Chopin, *à propos* of a letter of the composer's beginning "If I succeed in writing a concerto for two pianos," remarks—"What an interesting, but at the same time what a gigantic subject to write on the history of the unrealized plans of men of genius would be!" Should such an idea ever be carried out, Beethoven's "Macbeth" sketch would form one of the most striking features.

Franz Schubert made a small contribution to Shakespearian music. In the year 1826, one fine summer's evening he was returning to Vienna from an excursion, and passing through Währing he saw one of his friends sitting at a table in the garden of the Zum Biersach. A book was lying open before him. Schubert began looking at it, and soon one of the poems caused a "delicious melody" to come into his head. But he had no music-paper. One of his companions soon traced some lines on the back of a bill of fare, and the composer had soon written his charming setting of "Hark, hark the lark." The drinking-song from "Antony and Cleopatra," Act 3, sc. 7—

Come, thou monarch of the vine—

is also marked in the composer's handwriting, "Währing, July 1826." "Who is Sylvia?" was also set in the same year. As one regrets that Beethoven had not more to do with Shakespeare's dramas, so is it a thousand pities that Schubert set so few of the poet's lyrics.

Now let us turn to Robert Schumann.

Shakespeare and Jean Paul Richter were the idols of his early youth; in fact, he considered a love of these two poets, together with a love of music, an essential condition of friendship. From Vienna, in 1838, he writes that he is seeking after a true artist, "one who should not merely play tolerably well on one or two instruments, but who should be a *whole man*, and understand Shakespeare and Jean Paul." We get another glimpse of his devotion to the dramatist in his account of the performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's incidental music. "Many," he says, "saw Shakespeare in order to hear Mendelssohn: with me it was just the reverse." But though Schumann felt the power of the poet's genius, he gave few visible proofs, in so far as his music is concerned, of it. Like Beethoven, he too had pictures in his mind when he composed, and, for aught we know, his imagination may often have been excited by seeing or reading the plays. One section (intermezzo) of his Novelette, No. 3, in fact, appeared in 1838 in a supplement to the *New Journal of Music*, with the following motto from "Macbeth":—

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

He set besides "When that I was a tiny boy," from "Twelfth Night," and wrote an overture to "Julius Cæsar."

One more fact may be mentioned. The first number of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* bore

as motto the following passage from the prologue to Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.":—

Only they
Who come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived.

Mendelssohn will next engage our attention for a moment. Of course the name of that composer at once calls up to mind the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. It is, however, important to remember that the overture was written in 1826 when Mendelssohn was seventeen years of age, but the rest of the work only in 1842. Felix and his sister Fanny made a special study of Shakespeare in the Schlegel and Tieck version during the summer of 1826, and the outcome of that study was the overture, one of the composer's finest and most characteristic works. In 1841 Mendelssohn was asked by William IV., King of Prussia, to write incidental music to various plays, among others the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest." The first he accomplished, but not the second. With regard to the latter play, it may be mentioned that in 1831 he arranged to write an opera based on "The Tempest." In a letter to his father he says, "A subject has been selected which I have thought about for a long time, and which (if I mistake not) my mother wished me to work at—'The Tempest' of Shakespeare." For some reason or other, however, the project was abandoned. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's music was performed at Potsdam in 1842. The following from Sir George Grove's able article on the composer in the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* is interesting and amusing:—

"The music met with enthusiastic applause each time; but the play was for long a subject of wonder to the Berliners. Some disputed whether Tieck or Shakespeare were the author: others believed that Shakespeare had translated it from German into English. Some, in that refined atmosphere, were shocked by the scenes with the clowns, and annoyed that the king should have patronized so low a piece; and a very distinguished personage expressed to Mendelssohn himself his regret that such lovely music should have been wasted on so poor a play."

Of German composers more or less associated with Shakespeare, we may mention Wagner, whose early opera "Das Liebesverbot" was based on "Measure for Measure;" Liszt, who wrote a Symphonic Poem entitled "Hamlet;" Spohr, for his "Macbeth" Overture; Rietz, for his "Tempest" Overture; and Nicolai, for his opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

On none of the great musicians had Shakespeare a stronger influence than on Hector Berlioz. He was present at a performance of "Hamlet" in Paris, when it was given in English, with Miss Smithson, who afterwards became his wife, in the part of Ophelia. In his *Mémoires* he writes:—

"This sudden and unexpected revelation of Shakespeare overwhelmed me. The lightning flash of his genius revealed the whole heaven of art to me, illuminating the remotest depths in a single flash."

In connection with the play of "Hamlet" may be mentioned a very fine *Marche Funèbre*, written for the last scene by Berlioz. It was lately performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace (March 2, 1889).

Another piece of music inspired by the English dramatist was a *Fantaisie dramatique* with chorus on "The Tempest," which was given in Paris at a concert in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Society.

In a letter written from Italy in 1831, Berlioz writes:—

"I spent whole days on the banks of the Arno, in a delightful wood about a league from Florence, reading Shakespeare. There I read 'King Lear' for the first time, and was lost in admiration of that work of genius."

Before the end of that year he had written his Overture entitled "Roi Lear: Tragédie de Shakespeare."

On Berlioz' return to Paris he gave a concert, in the programme of which figured the "Symphonie Fantastique," with the curious sequel, "Lelio." This latter work, consisting of solos, choruses, and instrumental movements interspersed with monologues, was written principally to attract the notice of Miss Smithson. In it Lelio (*i.e.* Berlioz himself) speaks of Hamlet "profonde et désolante conception." And there is a long soliloquy commencing "O Shakespeare, Shakespeare." Again, "Oh que ne puis-je la trouver, cette Juliette, cette Ophélie que mon cœur appelle," referred to Miss Smithson. The concluding number was a "Fantaisie sur a Tempête de Shakespeare," a portion of the work mentioned above.

Berlioz' principal contribution to Shakespearean music was, however, the Symphony with choruses, solos, and choral recitatives entitled "Romeo et Juliette."

The *Scène d'amour* has been described by Wagner as one of the composer's "happiest inspirations," and the "Queen Mab" Scherzo is certainly one of his most characteristic pieces. Berlioz has shown himself somewhat inconsistent in following the Garrick version of the play. According to this, Romeo is still alive when Juliet recovers from her trance: yet Berlioz gives the Friar's speech.

A small work in connection with our poet is a Ballade for soprano and contralto, "La Mort d' Ophélie," with words imitated from Shakespeare by Ernest Legouvé.

Berlioz also wrote an opera based on "Much Ado about Nothing" entitled "Béatrice et Bénédict."

There are several operas of note by foreign composers bearing Shakespearean titles. However, in most cases there is but little in common between the opera *libretti* and the plays.

Of German composers we would name Nicolai for his popular opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Hermann Goetz for his clever "Taming of the Shrew," produced some years ago by the Carl Rosa Company. Of Italian composers, Rossini for his "Otello," and Verdi for his "Macbeth." Verdi's "Otello," recently produced in London, deserves special mention, inasmuch as the libretto by Arrigo Boito follows very closely Shakespeare's play, so closely, in fact, that the late Dr. Hueffer was able in his translation to give in places the poet's own words. And of French composers A. Thomas wrote "Hamlet," and Gounod "Romeo and Juliet."

"They Sang a New Song."

At the service in Gloucester Cathedral on the Sunday preceding the Festival week, the Rev. Canon Parker, M.A., Principal of the Gloucester Theological College, preached an interesting sermon, based upon the few words, "They sang a new

song." It was a fitting prelude to the week's music in connection with the Three Choirs Festival, and will be read, we believe, with interest:—

In the course of his remarks the rev. gentleman said it was doubtless true in one sense, as once stated by an earnest preacher in that pulpit, that music was essentially imitative of the varied sounds of nature. As in spoken words, if we went beneath the eccentricities of phonetic corruption and the delicacies of inflexion, we came to the simplest sounds, which were essentially imitative; and as in writing characters, if we went beneath the apparent diversities of English, German, Russian, and Greek, of Arabic, Sanskrit, and cuneiform, we came again to simple forms which were essentially imitative; so, doubtless, in music, if we went beneath the most subtle and complex forms, we arrived at length at a simplicity which was evidently and transparently imitative. But the preacher he had referred to was speaking of another imitation than this, viz. that human music was a conscious or unconscious imitation of surrounding nature. It occurred to him that this account of music, though true as far as it went, was wholly inadequate. It was true as far as it went; for, as we loved by painting to fix in colour the passing glories of cloud, or sunlight, or storm; distant scenes of beauty; the home of our childhood; the features and smile of those we respected and loved,—so we endeavoured to capture and commit to the exact keeping of music those sounds of nature which we admired or loved—the murmur of the brook, the roll of the thunder, the rattle of the hailstones. But though music was able to do this, yet it was not her only, and perhaps not her chief function, which, he submitted, was to express human feeling and emotion. Like words, it was a means of giving expression to ideas; it might be an independent means, producing songs without words; or it might enhance the beauty and effect of words by the additional ornament and charm of melody. Such music seemed primarily expressive of the most general and most powerful feelings of the human heart—those of joy on the one hand, and those of sorrow on the other. Between the outside expressions of joy and sorrow there was an almost infinite gradation of feelings combining the two in various proportions. A further distinction which naturally suggested itself was that the musician might produce music solely for himself or chiefly for an audience, and he was not sure that music was not primarily and essentially of the former sort; withal, it was the spontaneous expression of overflowing feeling of joy or sorrow, a feeling which found expression most naturally in melody without words, because it could not put into words the joy or sorrow it felt. But music might soon develop its power and scope, and, from being expressive of personal feeling, might have, as a further and perhaps nobler object, the desire to awaken responsive feeling in others, so that heart might answer to heart, be tuned in the same key, and feel the same emotion, whether of joy or sorrow. There were various levels of such music. The lowest level was that which appealed merely and primarily to the animal side of man's nature; which, entering through the avenue of the senses, kindled and inflamed his physical and animal passions. The voices of hounds in full cry were a music which kindled in them as animals a joyful excitement, and the passion of the chase; in like manner the war-song of savages, and the stirring march of more civilized nations appealed to those physical passions which, however lawful and needful they might be, were not men's highest passions, but were those which belonged to that nature which men shared with the animals themselves. There was the music of the music hall, low, coarse, and vulgar, of which it could not even be said that it was necessary; which aimed at nothing that was refined, or pure, or noble; but sought to please and inflame the lowest side of man, nay, even to degrade it beneath the level of the animals themselves. Pursuing the division, which seemed a natural one, the second class of music which aimed at moving an audience was that which might be called æsthetic or artistic. This music appealed to man not as an animal, but as man, to his higher human feelings, and strove to awaken emotions of pure beauty and excellence. It might be simple music, the music which reached untutored feeling,

which thrilled through the moral fibres of the simple and uneducated with a soul-subduing power, melting even rocks into tenderness and tears by its pathos, hushing into awe and silence by its solemnity, and filling with strange and unwonted feeling of grandeur and glory by its stateliness and majesty; or it might be less simple and more artistic, more elaborate, discovering subtle and complex beauties, invisible to and unappreciated by the mass, while it ministered to those whose ears were more trained to hear. There remained yet a third class of music which, entering through the avenue of the senses and of the emotions, reached and appealed to the highest part of man—the spirit within. The audience to which this music appealed was severely limited; they might be simple or they might be artistic, but they must be spiritual. But though this audience might be limited in one direction, it was extended in another. Imagination might not unreasonably conceive of the real existence of spiritual beings, whether of an angelic rank above us or of spirits of just men departed, who might be unseen hearers of the spiritual music which proceeded from the sons of men. But however this might be, we know that spiritual music might aspire to reach the most exalted audience, to enter into the ears of the Eternal God, and to be a sweet sound, pleasing and acceptable unto Him. St. Paul spoke of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs—of the melody which Christians made in their hearts to the Lord. It was the spiritual music of the heart whose privilege it was to be heard of God; for as God is a Spirit, they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Music did not reach unto God because of its volume or because of its beauty; men were not heard for their much shouting nor for their softest pianissimo. Such worship might be of a certain value, perchance, as physical worship or mental worship; it might be of value as educational, preparatory, and introductory; but it had not yet attained to the high dignity of spiritual worship. Spiritual worship was that which, including the utmost worship of the body, and the utmost worship of emotion, culture, and art, stamped them with the seal of the sanctuary, and hallowed and consecrated them by an inward intuition of the Spirit, and humble, faithful, loving dedication of the heart. It was a further function of such music that, when it issued from the inspired mind of a spiritual composer, it was calculated to convey over and above the melody and harmony, the fire and pathos, with and through them, an inner spiritual beauty and significance to those who had spiritual ears to hear, bringing the hearer into contact and sympathy not with the world of physical sound or æsthetic emotion, but with the yet more exalted region of spiritual thoughts and feelings, the essence of which was that the presence of God was consciously felt, and that with the utmost pleasure: and this spiritual inspiration passed like the electric fluid from the spirit of the composer along the channel, whether of pipe, or harp, or orchestra, or single human voice, or orchestral chorus of multitudes, and inspired the spirit of the hearer with the like spiritual emotion. It was this function of music which was the cause of the prominence given to music in the symbolism of Heaven. The symbolism which connected music with Heaven was enshrined in the devotional literature and in the popular hymnology of all bodies of Christians, and it was based upon and warranted by the language of the Apocalypse. It was true there were those who regarded this symbolism as the language of actual, literal reality, and others who regarded it as the meaningless poetry of a florid Oriental imagination; few perhaps gave themselves time or trouble to ask what was its origin, and what its meaning. Its imagery was taken directly and exactly from the musical services of the Temple. From the Temple music came the symbolism of the four-and-twenty elders, the leaders of the twenty-four courses of the priests, of the hundred and forty-four thousand, the twelve times twelve thousand of Israel, the preponderance of vocal over instrumental music; the blast of the trumpet between the divisions of the service; the accompaniment of the harpers harping with their harps; the sound of many voices in one grand unison; the song of Moses in the 33rd chapter of Deuteronomy, and that in the 15th chapter of Exodus, sung, the one in the morning and the other in the evening, every Sabbath; the

responsive singing, and the final joining in of both choirs in one grand acclaim. The symbolism was both general and particular. General, that of the grandeur of the worship in heaven no more fitting image could be found than the stately and joyous worship of the sanctuary. Particular, that in heaven men shall be as in the Temple of God, in His very presence, chanting at intervals the Sabbath song of rest and feast worship; gathered together from all lands in one family and assembly; all in unison and love; now side answering to side; and now the whole multitude of the redeemed uniting in one grand chorus of praise, which rises as the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunders—"Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." But what were we to understand by the words, "They sang a new song"? Should we be far wrong if we connected them—the new song with the new creation, with the new heaven and the new earth, and the new spiritual nature of the new man? Was not music included in the "all things" which Christ makes new? It was the new music which Santa Cecilia heard, and, hearing, despised and cast away the old music which she had so valued and so loved before; the new music, which expressed the whole range of feeling possessed by the new spiritual nature with all its treasures of wondrous harmony and refined and exalted feeling; from which naturally followed the conclusion which the Apostle added—that no man could learn the song save the hundred and forty-four thousand which were redeemed from the earth. The old man, not redeemed by Christ, not re-created in Christ and renewed by His Spirit, knew only the old music, and could not sing the new song. Nay, they could not learn it, though they would fain do so, and join in the chorus before the throne; yet to them it remained an unknown language, and a strange scale, the harmonies, nay, the very notes, baffling them. None could then sing it save those who had been trained before. Those who knew something of the need of patient daily training and practice, through weeks and months and years, for the attainment of power to adequately render earthly music, could well understand that a special and long training was necessary to enable any to sing "the new song." Those who would sing this song would be those who, in the school-time of earth, had taken advantage of the opportunity afforded them, who had not neglected the talent given them, had trained their spiritual ear, cultivated their spiritual voice, and practised the spiritual song. These might on earth have achieved a little with the comparatively poor and imperfect instruments which were given them to practise on; but in proportion to their progress and proficiency would be their pure and most exquisite pleasure when they received the new instrument of music, whatever it might be, as it were a golden harp "strung and tuned for endless years." Echoes of earthly voices, sweet and clear; memories of Cathedral or Handel Festival; chords and melodies of the gifted and inspired—what were they? Shadows indeed of the substance; certain pledge of the future; a happy, useful practice and rehearsal; but oh! to be utterly swallowed up and forgotten when the "new song" is first sung by the hundred and forty-four thousand before the throne of God.

MR. HAMISH MACCUNN, the young Scottish composer, who recently married the daughter of Mr. Pettie, R.A., appears to be as fortunate as he is clever. His latest stroke of good luck is an order for a cycle of five songs, comprising a complete musical romance, for which he is to receive the very handsome sum of £500. One may predict with tolerable certainty that the "cycle" idea is destined to undergo considerable development. This may be all very well from the point of view of the popular composer, but what will be our fate if we are called upon, at future musical "at homes," to listen to vocal romances in four, five, or six more or less melodious chapters? To follow the fortunes of the hero and heroine through half the keys of the piano, to track the machinations of the villain in minor chromatic passages, and to finally arrive at the "lived happily ever after" stage amid the crash and clang of an elaborate finale, will afford just a little more musical happiness than some of us are prepared to enjoy.

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

MRS. M. How sad it is to think that holiday-time is over for this year at least. I always feel so unsettled when I first come home, as if it were impossible to do any one thing for more than five minutes at a time.

Dr. M. I think the coming home again is the best part of a holiday.

Mrs. M. Yes, I know; you agree with all the prima donnas that "be it never so homely, there's no place like home." I think that is such a delicious line. Whenever I hear Patti "weeping out 'Home, sweet home,' as if her heart would break," to quote from Colonel Mapleson, I always begin to giggle at that sentiment. It seems to me such an excellent pun.

Trevor. And it may be taken either way. As somebody says somewhere, it is quite true there is no place like home for worries and troubles and disagreeables of every kind.

Dr. M. Well, I grant you that the pleasure of coming home depends entirely upon circumstances; but I do maintain that the best and only recipe for happiness, or rather contentment, because no one expects to be happy after "twenty year," is hard work, and plenty of it. If it is congenial work, so much the better. That is where artistes of all kinds have such a pull over other mortals; their work is always congenial as long as they are doing their best. It is curious that Adam's curse should have turned out the greatest blessing to his descendants.

Trevor. This is "Music and Morals" with a vengeance. Miss Collins, it's your serve.

Miss C. I'm afraid you have got an attack of tennis on the brain. Well, I might appropriately begin "Love all," for my first song is called "My Heart your Home," by Edith Marriott (Cocks & Co., London), and it has a waltz refrain about

Can you forgive me? Say, love, say!
Come to my heart, love, and stay, love, stay.

Mrs. M. Oh, thank you, you needn't describe it further; we can imagine the rest.

Miss C. Well, then, I have a cheerful ditty called "Beyond the Shadows," by Carlo Ducci (Ascherberg & Co., London). The words are by Mark Lemon, but they are commonplace enough. Carlo Ducci is not at his best in this song. You know he has written some rather pretty things.

Mrs. M. Yes, I had some nice little violin pieces by him. I see this song has been sung by a good many well-known singers.

Boyne. I am afraid that goes for nothing in these days.

Miss C. My last song is called "Sunshine through the Mist," by H. Martyn van Lennep (Cocks & Co., London). I don't seem able to get away from shadows to-day, for this begins in the usual strain,—

There are shadows where once was sunshine,
Gloom where reigned but light.

I wonder all English contraltos don't develop suicidal tendencies, considering the style of song which is thought appropriate to them.

Miss S. Oh, but these people do cheer up at the end, I see,—change of key, $\frac{1}{2}$ time, big chords in triplets, fortissimo, pedal, etc. What people call "such a very effective finale."

Miss C. Yes, but that means they are dead. That kind of finale is always the leit-motive, so to speak, of "The better land," "The distant shore," "The golden stair," etc.

Dr. M. Here is an edition by Novello of Handel's "Alceste." As the preface says, this is interesting from the fact that it is the only example of incidental music to a play written by the composer. The play of "Alceste" was by Smollett, but it was never performed, and the manuscript has been lost. Handel used eleven numbers of the music in his "Choice of Hercules." Although the choruses are fine, I doubt whether this work would make much impression upon a modern audience. The solos are florid, and the poetry (!) is a fearful specimen of eighteenth century genius. Fancy setting such lines as,—

Triumph, Hymen, in the pair;
Thus united, thus delighted,
Brave the one, the other fair.

and repeating them *ad nauseam*.

Boyne. After all, I don't know that we have any right to despise that sort of thing. We merely drivel in a different key. What are those canary-coloured pieces you have there? They are enough to make a horse shy.

Dr. M. These are some pianoforte compositions by Senor Albeniz (Ducci & Co., London), the Spanish pianist who made rather a hit last season in London. The four I have here are "Pavane Espanole," "Sevillanas (Danse)," "Barcarolle Catalane," and "Cotillon Waltz." Of course, as you will guess from the titles, they are all more or less "characteristic." Although this is announced as a "Revised and Easy Edition, as performed by the Composer," I fancy most amateurs would exclaim, "What must the difficult edition have been!" As a matter of fact, these are rather catchy little pieces to play.

Mrs. M. Senor Albeniz' publishers ought to have put him right in the matter of English titles. Here is one piece dedicated to "Lady Morell Mackenzie," and another to "Lady Julian Goldsmid."

Dr. M. Spanish and Moorish music seems to be the fashion just now. Here is a "Retraite Mauresque," by Alfred West (Ducci & Co.), which is something in the style of Albeniz' compositions, at least as regards local colouring. Lastly, I have a bright, easy little gavotte, called "Chloe," by J. Cliffe Forrester (Cary, London).

Trevor. I have brought rather a pretty little song, called "There sits a bird on yonder tree," by Joseph Broadbent (Pohlmann, Halifax). The words, as I daresay you remember, are from the *Ingoldsby Legends*. They, like the music, are simple and pleasing. Then I have two little songs in one cover, by J. S. Ward. The first is called, "Oh, Lady mine," and the second, "Kiss me, Sweetheart" (London Music Publishing Co.). Although these are quite unpretentious little trifles, they are raised above the commonplace by a certain quaint sprightliness of their own. Lastly, here is an Anglo-Spanish song, called "Lusitania," by Edward St. Quentin (Cocks & Co., London). This is rather an imitation of an air in "Carmen," but I don't know that it is any the worse for that. It has a sort of waltz refrain, and altogether would probably be considered "perfectly lovely" by the average amateur.

Mrs. M. I must draw your attention to an arrangement of Spindler's delightful "Husarenritt," for piano, violin, and cello. These trios ought to be a real boon to instrumentalists, for

they are so pretty and spirited, without being really difficult, except for the pace at which they ought to be taken. They would be the very thing for a parish concert. Then I have a song with violin obligato, by A. Strelezki (Ducci & Co., London), called "When Twilight comes." The verses to which the music is composed are most extraordinary, for they seem neither to rhyme nor scan. The best part of the song is the violin obligato by Guido Papini. The voice part is printed above the separate violin part, which is an excellent new departure, for you know how difficult it is sometimes for the poor violinist to keep with the vocalist, when the latter lets time go to the winds, and dwells with undue affection upon his or her best notes.

Boyne. You will be amused to hear that I have brought a volume of Schubert's songs for contralto voice (Novello & Co., London), but several of these songs are really far more appropriate to a bass or baritone than to a contralto. Indeed, one of the finest among them, the exquisitely pathetic "Old Man's Song," is expressly marked for a bass voice only.

Miss S. I remember that song is mentioned in Miss Fothergill's novel, "From Moor Isles." Felix, the baritone hero, sings it. The German words are some of the most beautiful I ever heard.

Boyne. Yes, it is a pity only the English translations are given in this edition. I wonder Santley has never taken to singing the "Greisengesang;" I cannot imagine any one else doing full justice to it. There is another splendid baritone song in this volume, not generally to be found in Schubert albums, called "The Angry Bard." The accompaniment is wonderful; you can hear the furious twanging of the bard's harp. This collection also contains the fine "To the Lyre," and "Dithyramb," which are far too little known in this country.

Miss C. I think "Passing to Hades" is there too, isn't it? That is a song I should like to hear Antoinette Sterling sing. In my opinion her forte lies in German *Lieder* even more than in British ballads.

Trevor. How nice it will be when we can go to a shop and buy a Schubert album with phonographic renderings of each song by Santley, Edward Lloyd, Antoinette Sterling, etc. Of course that would be an *édition de luxe*; but there would, no doubt, be cheaper editions with renderings by some of the best German singers. What an advantage the musical student of the future will have over their predecessors! They will be able to study at their leisure all the points and effects made by the best artistes of the day.

Miss S. I must make haste with my little contributions. I have two more songs by our favourite, Gerard Cobb. The first is called "Mary Queen of Scots" (Reid Bros., London). Although not so original or striking as some others of Mr. Cobb's compositions, this is an interesting and well-written song, which owes, however, something of its charm to its ever-fascinating subject. The other is very inferior; it is called "Look before you Leap," and in it Mr. Cobb has condescended to imitate the modern pseudo-comic song about impossible country folk of the conventional "Jack and Dolly" type. The composer is punished for this lapse from his usual high standard, for the music is on the same level as the words, which is the most unkind thing I can say. I will wind up with a very pretty setting of "Take, oh, take those lips away," by Herbert Acocks (Augener & Co., London). Although quite short and simple, it is full of genuine melody, and has a very effective accompaniment. I understand

that the composer is quite a young man, and that this is his first published work. If that is really the case, I hope he will lose no time in presenting the world with "Op. 2." I, for one, shall look forward to it with pleasant anticipation.

Accidentals.

THOSE who are in favour of lady choristers might receive a few hints from a visit on a Sunday morning to the French Anglican Church in Bloomsbury Street, where a choir of about fifteen girls in violet frocks, white pinafores, and Normandy caps, ably sustain the musical part of the service. The church was opened in the sixteenth century for the benefit of the Huguenot refugees, a few descendants of whom are still numbered amongst the congregation.

SOME of the most sensible remarks on the much-discussed question of the "Angelic Quire" have been made by the lady who writes in *Truth* under the nom de plume of "Madge." She says: "So far as the voices are concerned, I am of the opinion that there is a certain selfless quality in a boy's upper notes which is seldom found in a woman's. 'Pure' is hardly the word to apply to this, though it partly expresses it. It is, rather, unemotional, and therefore better adapted to the public singing of sacred music. It is also comparatively effortless. A woman usually thinks of displaying her high notes, and makes more ado about them than the average choir-boy, who touches his in a more natural and unpremeditated way, and dwells on them not a second longer than is necessary. A few women can do this, but they are very few. . . . In one of the London churches, where the singing is unusually good, the plan is followed of having women join in the practising of the choir, and these are seated in two here and there throughout the congregation. The effect is excellent, those in the vicinity of the trained singers usually joining in, supported and guided by the assured leading of the others."

SIR CHARLES HALLE will again undertake the direction of the famous Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, which will begin on October 8. The opening programme will be miscellaneous in character, with Madame Nordica and Signor Sarasate as stars. The Scotch concert, with Mesdames M'Intyre and M'Kenzie, and Messrs. M'Kay and Black, to do justice to Mr. MacCunn's "Lay of the Last Minstre," follows on October 22.

THE committee of the Leeds Festival, which opens on October 9, have ventured on an unusual step in opening their proceedings with Berlioz' "Faust," in lieu of the usual "Elijah" or "Messiah." Mr. Corder's new work, "The Sword of Argantyr," and the whole of the third act of "Tannhäuser," will form the evening programme for the same day. Bach's cantata, "God's Time is best," Schubert's Mass in E flat, and Handel's "Acis and Galatea," are down for the morning of Thursday; while, for the evening, Dr. Cresser's "Sacrifice of Freia," written to a libretto by the late Dr. Hueffer, and Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch," written for Signor Sarasate, are the chief attractions. Not less interest will attach to the ode, "St. Cecilia's Day," by Dr. Parry, and the ballad, "The Voyage of Mældune," by Professor Villiers Stanford, which will be given on Friday morning and evening respectively.

It will be recollected during the summer a report was circulated that Madame Hastreiter, well known in connection with Her Majesty's Opera, was about to marry a wealthy nobleman, and retire from the stage. The American artiste contradicted the statement, and a few weeks ago she was married to Dr. Burgouzio, director of a hydropathic establishment at Cossilla. She will not, however, leave the stage, and, indeed, is now making arrangements for further appearances in the part of "Orfeo" in Gluck's opera.

It is again reported that Sir Arthur Sullivan has in contemplation a grand opera, intended for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, and set to a libretto by Mr. Julian Sturgis.

AMONG the numerous valuable possessions of the late Carlotta Patti were some curious visiting-cards which she received in Chili. They are of gold, with the names written in diamonds. "Chili is a country," said Madame Patti on one occasion, "where cards of the kind are left on artistes, as in other countries one sends bonbons and flowers."

THE following paragraph appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening News* for September 3:—"Leslie Crotty, the famous baritone, is a thorough-bred Irishman, being born in the city of Galway thirty-six years ago. His father was the rector of the Presbyterian church in that place. Crotty is an athlete, and held the champion belt of his district for three years." A correspondent writes, apropos of the above bit of information: "Truly, as Lord Dundreary says, 'He is a wise child who knows his own father,' and a certain popular opera-singer ought to be a very 'wise child' indeed, for has not the infallible newspaper declared that he is the son of a Presbyterian rector? Hitherto this clerical hybrid has been unknown, and, in the opinion of most people the writer of the statement in question has been guilty of a 'bull.' Be it so. There is fitness even in the form of the blunder. The said dignitary lived in Ireland."

MANY of the new recruits of the Carl Rosa Company are foreigners. But recently a young English contralto, Miss Grace Digby, made a successful debut in "Mignon" at the Opera House, Cork. Miss Digby is a daughter of a London journalist, and she is said to be a lady of great personal beauty.

A NEW six-year-old pianistic phenomenon has appeared on the musical horizon of New South Wales, named Miss Issie Spring. She is said to come by her talent honestly, as her grandmother is reported to have played on the harp for King George IV. at the ripe age of two years and nine months.

As at Oxford music is henceforward to enter into the curriculum, Sir John Stainer has appointed Dr. Mee for counterpoint, Dr. Roberts for harmony, Mr. C. H. Lloyd for composition, Mr. James Taylor for pianoforte, and Mr. Hadow for analysis.

AN amusing account of the London opera-season, or rather, of the singers who took part in it, was contributed to the *New York Times* by Mr. Henderson. According to this gentleman, all, or nearly all, Mr. Harris's swans are geese. The one brilliant exception is Edouard de Resyke, who, Mr. Henderson allows, is a truly great basso, whose art is almost flawless. Jean de Resyke, however, "is not a tenor at all, but a good high baritone who has forced his register." Lasalle is a very good baritone, but "his voice would not astonish any one in New York." "D'Andrade has a wretched voice. Montariol's is good, but he is not a great artist. Talazac is a fine artist, but has not a big voice." Miss M'Intyre the critic condescends to praise, and "would be glad to see in America," although she is "young and inexperienced." Madame Marie Rose "never had a great voice, and now most of what she had is gone. Her 'Carmen' is an extremely dull and uninteresting performance." Mr. Henderson evidently looks upon a "big voice" as chief essential in a singer. He is delighted with Tamagno, whose voice is "tremendously powerful, and of astonishing range. He can sing high D, and he can scatter B flats and high C all over the firmament of song with the greatest ease. And they are all notes of magnificent quality. One sees some reason for applauding these vocal outbursts, for the pealing tones of this man's wonderful voice thrill his hearers, they are so clear, so resonant, so rich."

The Streatham Choral Society.

THIS promising young Society will commence its fourth season on October 7, and rehearsals will be held every Monday evening at eight o'clock until April 1890, in the Town Hall, Streatham. We learn from the prospectus that two concerts will be given by the Society this season, the first to take place in December, and the second in April. The committee hope at one of the concerts to present some standard cantata or oratorio, with the assistance of a full professional orchestra.

This Society, which is conducted by Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson, A.R.A.M., has made remarkable progress since its foundation in 1886. The number of choir members has increased from 50 to 100, besides 32 honorary members. During the past three seasons the Society has given successful performances of such standard works as Mackenzie's "The Bride," Sullivan's "Prodigal Son" and "Golden Legend," Mendelssohn's "42nd Psalm," Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," and Gade's "Erl-King's Daughter." It may be worth the while of amateurs living in the neighbourhood to note that the names of persons desirous of joining the Society, either as choir or honorary members, will be received by H. Lewis Thomas, Esq., "Renlan," Hopton Road, Streatham.

Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, September 1889.

DEAREST ALICE,—At last we are home again, and I am not at all sorry, for, with the exception of the few days we spent in Bayreuth, the elements have treated us shamefully. On our way back to England we came through Holland, that most quaint and interesting country, so renowned for its art treasures and art lovers. Whilst staying at Scheveningen, the fashionable bathing-place near The Hague, we heard the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herr Kogel. This splendid band gave a concert each evening in the Kursaal, and at every performance which we attended we found the hall crowded with a highly appreciative audience. The programmes were classical and well selected, and there was usually a solo number played by one of the members of the band. I do not think that such an excellent orchestra is to be found in any other seaside place. What with this, and the equally splendid performances of the Dutch Grenadiers' military band in the wood at The Hague,—only three miles from the sea,—and the magnificent collections of pictures in that town, I should advise any one who wishes to spend a bright and happy summer holiday to try Scheveningen.

Here in Liverpool I find everything musical in an embryonic state; an abundance of schemes full of promise, and plentiful indications of an exceptionally busy and interesting season. I told you about the programme for the first Philharmonic Concert which opens the season on the 8th October. I hear that further arrangements of an interesting nature are on the tapis, amongst which I may mention the engagement of Stavenhagen, the genial pianist, and of Madame Marie Roze, who, as you know, is a great favourite in these parts. I also hear that the chorus will be materially strengthened by the addition of new voices, and this is certainly a step in the right direction, considering that Handel's "Israel in Egypt" is to be given, wherein, as you know, the double choruses play such an important part. There has never been such a demand for seats at the Philhar-

monic as this year, and with the exception of a few stalls every place is already taken.

About the Patti concert for November, I may mention that the Diva will be assisted by Mdlle. Douilly, Madame Patey, Mr. Durward Lely, Mr. Barrington Foote, the Misses Marianne and Clara Eissler (violin and harp), Mr. Leo Stern (violinist), and Mr. Ganz as conductor: a bill of fare sufficient to satisfy the most voracious as well as the most fastidious appetite.

Have you ever taken any interest in the doings of the examining musical colleges? I refer to those London organizations which annually send their examiners into the provinces to test the musical knowledge and execution of pupils attending schools which include music in their curriculum, prizes and certificates being awarded to the successful candidates. Trinity College, London, set the example about ten years ago. The London Royal Academy of Music followed closely in its wake, and now the Royal College of Music intends to do similar work in conjunction with the Royal Academy. If this collaboration should lead to the adoption of a higher standard, particularly in the practical part of the competitions, it will go far to reconcile me to a system of which hitherto I have failed to see the utility, judging at least from those exhibitions of mediocrity at the prize distributions, when the pupils who have gained rewards were permitted to show off. This ceremony in connection with Trinity College, London, will take place at the end of October, when Mrs. W. E. Gladstone has kindly consented to distribute the prizes.

Our poorer fellow-citizens also are not to be neglected while so much attention is engrossed in providing pleasures for the rich. The Liverpool Kyrie Society anticipates a very busy season. This, as you know, is a most useful society, having for its object to provide musical and other entertainments for the sick and poor in our hospitals, workhouses, and charity schools. Besides their ambulatory work, the members of this benevolent association, consisting principally of amateurs, assisted now and then by local artistes, give weekly concerts on Saturday evenings at halls situated in those parts of the city where the poor "most do congregate," and where, for want of opportunity or encouragement,—I know not which,—the inhabitants are greater connoisseurs of J. L. Sullivan's noble (?) art of self-defence than of Arthur Sullivan's more peaceful avocation. Nor was this energetic band of amateurs idle during the summer, for the executive obtained an open space near the docks, and found volunteer brass bands to discourse sweet sounds, sweet at all events to those whose sole musical treat had hitherto consisted of the barrel or piano organ.

Apocryphos of bands, the Liverpool Police Band, which, under its energetic conductor, Mr. Crawley, has wonderfully improved of late, also did good service during the summer months by playing in the slums of our great city, where until lately a policeman's uniform was anything but synonymous with harmony in the minds of the indwellers.

The Art Club will, I believe, open its working season about the beginning of November, with a musical evening, or conversazione, as such entertainments are there styled. The committee are usually on the look-out for novelties in the shape of newcomers to this country, and finished pupils of the great music schools in London. They are thus able to give a lift to some talented young artistes who find it difficult to obtain an opportunity for exhibiting their powers before an appreciative yet critical audience until they have made a name in the musical world. The committee of this useful club have also decided to let their gallery this year for musical and other artistic purposes; and the first to take advantage of this new departure is our well-known townsman, Mr. Ernest Schiever, Richter's leader, who has hired the gallery for the purpose of giving four chamber-music matinees during the winter months. Mr. Schiever has, with this end in view, trained a local quartet party, with himself as first violin, Mr. Shaw as second, Mr. Carl Courvoisier as viola, and Mr. Carl Fuchs as violoncellist; and it is satisfactory to know that an opportunity will now be afforded to all those who understand and appreciate this most refined form of musical art, of substantially encouraging a local effort in that direction.

And now, just one wee anecdote before I lay down my pen. At the last Bulow Orchestral Concert in Berlin, Brahms was invited to conduct his new symphony. Dr. Hans von Bülow, making room for the composer at the conductor's desk, took up his post, to every one's surprise, at the kettledrums, which he played to perfection. When the audience gave evidence of taking this as a good joke, the eccentric doctor came forward, and in a few pithy words explained that he meant it, not as a joke, but as a mark of homage to a great master, in whose work he considered it an honour to be allowed to take any part however humble. And now, dear Sis, good-bye till next month.—Your affectionate sister,
NETTA.

Notes on Musical Life in Birmingham.

THERE has been nothing to record since my last "Notes" appeared, save a small concert given some weeks since by Mr. L. O'Hare, the winner of the Maas Memorial Scholarship, assisted by Miss Baugh, Mr. Lloyd James, and others. Mr. O'Hare's voice, which is a light tenor of good quality, fully justified the judges' award.

The programmes for the new season are now rapidly coming out as arrangements are concluded with the various artistes sought to be engaged, and this month's instalment of notes will therefore be devoted to the future.

First come Messrs. Harrison, with the announcement of their season of four concerts, to be given on October 14, November 25, February 3, and March 3. The list of the artistes who will appear at this series is fully equal to any they have hitherto published, and includes Madame Adelina Patti (who will appear at the first concert), Mesdames Nordica, Valleria, Mary Davies, Patey, Hope Glenn, Antoinette Sterling, and Belle Cole; Misses M'Intyre, Marie Titieni (niece of the late Madame Titieni), and Eleanor Ries; Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Orlando Harley, Henry Guy, Frederick King, and Signor Foli; solo pianoforte—Sir Charles Hallé; Signor L. Arditi, Mdlle. Janotha, and Mr. F. Lamond; solo violin—Lady Hallé, Miss Nettie Carpenter, Miss Marianne Eissler, Mons. Tivadar Nachez, and Mons. Johannes Wolff; solo violoncello—Mons. Hollmann and Mons. Van Biene. Finally, we are promised a visit from the celebrated Hallé band on the last concert of the season, as in former years. So liberal a promise of good things is sure to attract a large number of subscribers, and those who desire seats for the season should not forget that the ballots are fixed for Thursday and Friday mornings, October the 3rd and 4th.

Mr. Stockley's orchestral concerts bid fair to maintain their old reputation. The bulk of the programmes will of course consist of music rendered by his celebrated band, while amongst the soloists already engaged will be found the names of Madame Nordica and Miss Fanny Moody, *soprani*; Madame Belle Cole and Miss Grace Damian, *contralti*; Messrs. Ben Davies and Orlando Harley, *tenori*; and Signor Foli and Mr. Charles Manners, *bassi*; solo pianoforte, Madame Backer-Gröndahl. One of the most interesting announcements is that of Mr. Cliffe's new symphony, conducted by the composer. The concerts will take place on November 7, January 30, March 13, and April 24, and the electric light will be employed, as is usual at these concerts. Further details of the arrangements must be deferred to next month, as the list of engagements is not complete at the time of writing.

Our three principal choral societies are rehearsing diligently, and promise the lovers of concerted vocal music a most interesting season. First to be named is of course the Festival Choral Society, with band, organ, and chorus of 450 performers, under the conductorship of Mr. Stockley. The list of works will comprise "Samson" on October 24; Dr. Stanford's cantata "The Revenge," Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," and Gounod's "Messe

Solennelle," on December 12; a selection of part songs and madrigals on February 13; Mr. M'Cunn's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and Haydn's "Creation" on March 27. The Society's grand annual performance of the "Messiah" will also take place on December 26. The list of artistes includes Messdames L. Dotti, and Clara Samuelli; Misses M'Intyre, Fanny Moody, Danian, Dews, and Lily Moody; Messrs. E. Lloyd, Ivor M'Kay, Charles Banks, John Child, Watkin Mills, W. H. Brereton, Charles Manners, and Andrew Black, and the ballot will take place on Wednesday, October 2.

The other two Societies also promise four concerts each. The Midland Musical Society announce "Judas Maccabeus" for September 28, to be followed by "Samson," "Israel in Egypt," and "The Redemption;" and the Birmingham Choral and Orchestral Association give Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on September 21, and "The Creation," "Messiah," and "St. Paul" on subsequent dates. Both these Societies are now very strong, and will probably put on the orchestra nearly as many performers as the Festival Choral Society.

R. B. BANDINELLI.

Notes from Leeds.

THE only thoroughly public event of musical interest during the last few months has been the visit to the Theatre Royal of the Rousby Opera Company. The engagement lasted the usual period of one week, and during that time four operas were presented—"The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," as well as Mozart's masterpieces, "Don Giovanni" and "The Marriage of Figaro." The artist whose name is attached to the venture was, of course, the leading star, and was especially successful as Figaro. He was well supported by Madame Vadini, Miss Molteno, Mr. Gilbert King, and others.

The coming Musical Festival is now occupying the minds of local music-lovers, and promises to be a success even greater than heretofore. Sir Arthur Sullivan has visited the town on two occasions, and has given finishing touches to most of the standard works. Mr. Frederick Corder has also paid a visit, and expressed himself in no measured terms of satisfaction on the capabilities of the really splendid chorus, and the careful and intelligent work which had been put into his new work, "The Sword of Argantyr," which, by the way, promises thus early to be not only a success, but the success of the occasion. Professor Stanford has also appeared on one occasion, when he had an opportunity of experiencing the choir's power as a reading body; his work, "The Voyage of Maeldune," not having previously been touched. Dr. Parry's work, "St. Cecilia," is in course of preparation, and rumour associates broad and dignified writing with it.

A sensible plan is to be followed prior to the orchestral rehearsals in London, when a section only of the band will go through the new works, in order to correct typographical and clerical errors, a system likely to save much time.

Foreign Notes.

At the Imperial Opera House of Vienna they gave, on August 11, the 250th performance of "Lohengrin" at that theatre, the first production having been on August 9, 1858. It will be remembered that the 200th performance of "Lohengrin" in London took place in the course of the past summer, our first performance having been in 1875. This makes the average at Vienna about one performance a year more than in London.

HERR DVORAK is said to be engaged in remodeling his opera "Dimitri." Two other Bohemian composers, Messrs. Rozkôšny and Zd. Fibich, are writing new operas for Prague.

ALTHOUGH Verdi has declined to take part in any fêtes on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the production of his first opera, yet the Italians do not intend to allow the jubilee to pass unnoticed. The municipality of Genoa have decided to inaugurate, on Nov. 8 next, a new Institute of Music, to which the name of Verdi will be given. The composer will probably appreciate this compliment even more than the gold medal which it is proposed to strike in his honour. On the evening of the jubilee day a choir of five hundred voices will assist at a concert, the programme of which will be composed of some of the principal choruses from Verdi's operas.

THE foreign papers announce that Mrs. Marie von Bülow, the second wife of the eminent pianist and conductor, is about to resume the exercise of her profession as an actress, at any rate in regard to a "Théâtre Libre," which it is proposed to start in Berlin. The first performance, on Sept. 29 next, will be devoted to a German adaptation of Ibsen's "Ghosts."

THE total receipts of the recent Wagner performances at Bayreuth exceeded £12,500; nearly all of this will be banked, as the revival of "Tannhäuser" in 1891 is expected to cost £15,000.

WAGNER'S "Ring des Nibelungen," says the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, will be performed during the coming winter at Copenhagen, under the direction of Svendsen.

THE wife of M. Vandyck, whose interpretation at Bayreuth in the rôle of "Parsifal" has won him such encomiums, has, within the last few days, presented her husband with a daughter. Curiously enough, the proud parents have named the child "Iseult," which at any rate shows the singer's loyalty to Wagnerian traditions.

HERR CARL GOLDMARK has occupied himself during his holiday at Gmünden in writing a new symphonic overture, to be entitled "Der gefesselte Prometheus" (Prometheus Bound), which will be produced during the winter by the Philharmonic Society of Vienna.

AN interesting series of concerts, entitled "Evenings of Old Songs," are being organized for the winter at Brussels. The first evening will be devoted to the period of the Directoire, the songs, romances, costumes, decorations, furniture, and musical instruments being all of the time of the Directoire, the audience alone being in the dress of the present day. The second evening will be devoted to the French songs of circa 1830.

A CONCERT will be given in the course of the winter season in aid of H.R.H. the Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home. The "Villa Bon Air" orchestra, which was started in Biarritz last year by the Princess, Baron von Pawel Rammingen, and Mr. Bonawitz, and continued in England with new members, will perform, together with several distinguished artistes and amateurs.

ACCORDING to the Milan *Trovatore*, the orchestra of La Scala have, since they left England, been on tour through Karlsruhe, Munich, Berlin, and other parts of Germany, and in the course of twenty-eight concerts it is alleged that fifty-six musicians have received an average of eleven francs forty-seven centimes, or about nine shillings a concert, out of which they had to pay their own expenses.

HERR EMIL BACH has received an intimation that the Shah has conferred upon him the distinction of Commander of the Imperial Order of the Lion and the Sun. This is in recognition of Herr Bach's new Persian March, dedicated to the Shah, which the composer played before His Majesty on the occasion of his entertainment by the Persian ambassador, Prince Malcolm Khan.

ONE of the novelties of the forthcoming winter season will be a concert piece for solo voices and chorus and orchestra by Mr. Edward Grieg, founded on Bjornson's drama, "Olaf Trygvanson."

THE principal novelties which are promised for this season at the Vienna opera are "Die Beiden Schützen," a half-forgotten opera of Lortzing's, and "Der Vassall von Szigeth," by M. Smareglia. The latter is a young composer who has already made his mark in Italy, where his opera, "Le Roi Nala," obtained a great success. Great things are expected of the new work, the score of which is, however, as yet unpublished.

IN the various biographies of the composer Grétry mention is made of a comic opera by him in one act, called "Zelmar ou l'Asile," which has hitherto never been published, because the manuscript was missing. A collector of Liège (Grétry's native place) has just discovered the autograph score of this opera, which turns out to have been in the possession of a great-niece of the composer. The work will shortly be published.

Le Ménestrel states that Luigi Mancinelli's brother, Marino, has been commissioned to write the Hymn, with full orchestral accompaniment, to be performed at Buenos Ayres on the opening of the new Colon Theatre.

AN amusing satirical skit has lately appeared on Wagner's literary style, called *Ein Tag des Ringens, ein Bühnenjubiläumsthrück*, by Richard Meister (anonymous). The characters in the parody are "Wotan," principal of a select seminary for young ladies; "Frau Liederlicka," his wife; "Brunhilde," their daughter; "Unding," jurisprudence professor; "Sieglinde," his wife; and "Siegmund Lewalt," a candidate for the law. The dialogue of the "Walküre" is parodied in three short acts, and the final situation (which begins in a concert-garden, with the Valkyries riding the usual wooden horses) is particularly droll.

THE idea of erecting a statue to Mendelssohn at Leipzig, first started some twenty years ago, is now, we learn, about to be carried out. The subscriptions, however, having fallen considerably short of the necessary sum, the municipality have been obliged to disburse 5000 marks for the purpose.

THE artistes of the Dresden Hof-theatre have recently been forbidden to come back and bow their acknowledgments on the open stage in response to the applause of the audience. They have further been forbidden to bring on any bouquets or wreaths that may have been sent them at the end of the acts. It is easy to perceive the instinct for the artistic unities which is the *raison d'être* for such an arbitrary prohibition, but at the same time one is more impressed than ever with the marvellous patience and long-suffering of the German race.

THE baritone Kaschmann, who was recently holiday-making in Venice, sang the romance from "Hamlet" into a phonograph. Mr. Coppells, Edison's representative, kept the phonogram, though the baritone protested, and even threatened legal proceedings. It would be interesting to know on what ground the plaintiff can proceed. The laws of copyright, at any rate in this country, have not provided for any such contingency.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod.

THE Welsh Eisteddfod, which was held this year at Brecon, opened on Tuesday, August 27, with the usual Gorsedd ceremony. Sir Joseph Bailey, who presided on the first day, delivered the inaugural address, and the Eisteddfod song was sung by Mrs. Thomas. Among the musical proceedings on Tuesday, the most important was the choral competition between Welsh choirs of 90 to 100 voices for a first prize of £75 and a silver medal, and a second prize of £25. It may be remembered that last year Mr. Pritchard Morgan offered to present a challenge baton made of Welsh gold to the choir which should win the prize two years in succession, and at the last Eisteddfod the baton was carried off by the Newton choir. This year five choirs competed, the first prize being won by the Carnarvon choir, the second by the Newton.

The prize of £4 for the best pianoforte solo (Weber's "Il moto perpetuo") was divided between Miss Davies, Brecon, and Miss Lewis, Carmarthen. It is quite a sign of the times that the prize of £6 for a violin solo (Handel's Sonata in E) should also have been taken by a young lady, Miss Kitty Davies, Cardiff. In the evening a performance of Haydn's "Creation" took place in the Pavilion.

On Wednesday the attendance was much larger than on the preceding day, owing, no doubt, in great part to Madame Patti's promised participation in the proceedings. The competitions were, for the most part, of a literary or artistic character. There was a prize for a harp solo, won by a blind player, and another for a soprano, tenor, and bass trio, which had to be divided between two parties. Much excitement was caused by the arrival of Madame Patti, the audience rising with one accord to welcome her. The prima donna sang an air from "La Sonnambula," and gave as encore "The Last Rose of Summer." Later in the day she sang the inevitable "Home, sweet Home," and the Welsh national song, "Land of my Fathers," the whole audience joining in the chorus with overwhelming effect.

On Thursday morning a conference of the members of the National Musical Association for Wales was held in the Templars' Hall. At the Pavilion the principal musical event was the competition for orchestral band, the first prize of £20 being won by the Cardiff, and the second of £10 by the Merthyr band. In the choral competition for Breconshire choirs only, the Tstradgynlais Choral Society was successful. On Thursday evening a Congress of Bards was held, at which one or two new regulations were passed.

The proceedings on Friday possessed more interest for the musician than those of the preceding days. For the bass solo prize of £2 there were no less than fifty-six competitors, who, however, by a judicious weeding out, had been finally reduced to four. The trial piece was Mendelssohn's "Consume them all." A prize of £20 had been offered by the National Eisteddfod Association for the four best four-part songs set to the prize lyrics of last year's Eisteddfod. This was won by Mr. W. Davies, Oxford, late of Bangor Cathedral. The great event of the day, however, was the choral contest for choirs of 150 to 200 voices. The competing choirs were seven in number, and each sang three selections, namely, "Ye nations, offer to the Lord" (Mendelssohn), "Lullaby of Life" (Leslie), and in Welsh, "Twas then, ye sons of God" (Jenkins). The first prize of £150 and a gold medal was awarded to the Rhondda choir, and the second of £50 to the Porlir and Cymmer choir. At the general meeting of the National Eisteddfod Association, it was decided the Eisteddfod of 1891 shall be held at Swansea.

Leicester Musical Notes.

QUITE recently I had occasion to regret the departure from Leicester of Miss Gordon and Miss Seegers, accomplished vocalists of no mean order; now I hear of another loss which the ranks of local solo vocalists are about to sustain. Mrs. Kirby, one of the best contralto singers in the town, a lady who has done an exceeding amount of good work in the musical world, and her husband, a tenor singer, are about removing to London.

THE St. Patrick's choir are rehearsing Haydn's Imperial Mass for performance shortly. An efficient band is being organized to play the accompaniment, and Herr Fitter Bach, the leader of the Opera House, has consented to conduct.

IN view of the reproduction of Sir Arthur Sullivan's highly successful "Golden Legend" in Leicester this season, it may interest my readers to hear how the work was appreciated at Gloucester. It was performed at the Festival, and, as all the seats were booked, it was decided to throw open the doors of the Shire Hall adjoining, and charge for standing room in the corridor. Tickets for this position were offered and bought up at the modest sum of five shillings each.

MR. J. HERBERT MARSHALL, the enterprising musical "Major Domo," has issued a most tempting programme for ardent lovers of high-class music for the following season, which will consist of four grand concerts:—

- 1st. Concert, Tuesday, October 22nd 1889, high-class ballad and instrumental.
- 2nd. "The Golden Legend" (Sullivan), Thursday, November 21st 1889.
- 3rd. Sir Charles Hallé's Band, Wednesday, December 11th 1889.
- 4th. Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Thursday, March 6th 1890.

The artists engaged for the events mentioned are—Madame Alwina Valleria, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Annie Marriott, Madame Clara Samuel, Miss Marion Mackenzie, Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Frances Hipwell, Mr. Henry Piercy, Mr. Charles Banks, Mr. Orlando Harley, Signor Foli, Mr. Watkins Mills, Mr. Barrington Foote, Mons. Johannes Wolff (solo violinist to H.M. the King of Holland), Mons. Joseph Hallman (solo violoncellist to H.M. the King of Holland), Sir Charles Hallé, Herr Richter, Sig. Luigi Arditti, solo pianist, Mr. Raphael Roche, Sir Charles Hallé's band of fifty performers, and the Philharmonic Society Band and chorus of three hundred performers under the hon. conductorship of Mr. H. B. Ellis. Such a strong and brilliant array of successful artistes of the highest class should and ought to draw very large houses, although Mr. Marshall has heretofore been a heavy loser financially, but the public have been gainers by the success of the concerts in an artistic and musical point of view. It is much to be regretted that these high-class concerts have not been hitherto a success financially, and it is to be hoped that the coming season will prove the exception.

Music at Scarborough.

THE chief musical event at Scarborough during the past month has been Sims Reeves' farewell concert, which was given in the Grand Hall on the Spa, and, needless to say, the interest attached to the occasion drew together a large audience, which filled the elegant and spacious building in every part. The famous tenor was accompanied by Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Bertha Moore,

Mr. Charles Manners, Mr. Edgar Haddock, solo violin, and Mr. Arthur Fagge, pianoforte. Mr. Reeves sang three songs during the evening, and on making his appearance on the orchestra was accorded quite an ovation. His first song was "The Message," and although the effects of age were apparent in his voice, yet the song was rendered with that incomparable style and expression of which he is so complete a master. His second song was "Good-bye, Sweet-heart," which he sang very sweetly; but it was in "The Bay of Biscay" that he was heard at his best, and in this he seemed for the moment to have regained some of his old strength and fire. His voice rang out with perfect clearness in some of the passages, and whatever defects there were in it were completely lost sight of in admiration for the singer. It was a great effort, and a perfect storm of applause greeted the conclusion of the song, lasting for several minutes. Miss Eleanor Rees was in splendid voice, and her two songs, "The Silent Highway" (Adams), and "I've been roaming," were excellently rendered. Mr. Charles Manners met with a most favourable reception, and his deep voice was heard to advantage in the German drinking song, "In Cellar Cool." A word of praise is due to Mr. Arthur Fagge, who accompanied the songs in a most efficient and sympathetic manner. The company's orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. George A. Page, took part in the programme, and played several selections in good style. The concert was a most successful one, and many of the audience felt themselves privileged in being enabled to hear a singer at the close of his career, who, in his prime, was the contemporary of Jenny Lind and Madame Sainton-Dolby.

During the past two or three years some of the musical societies in the town have performed the music of several popular operas, special permission having been obtained for the performances. A choir in connection with a local church institute has given several of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, including "Patience," "Pinafore," "Jolanthe," and "The Mikado." The two first named were conducted by the vicar of the parish with which the institute was connected. The rev. gentleman is well known as a capable and clever musician, and is probably the first of his cloth to have the courage to conduct the public performance of the music of an opera in the schoolroom of his own parish. The society has not yet announced what its programme for the winter will consist of.

The leadership of the Spa Band has now been entrusted to Mr. H. W. Turner, Mus. Bac., the organist of Holy Trinity Church, for the remainder of the season. Mr. Turner is an accomplished musician, and the manner in which he has performed the duties of conductor in previous years has given the greatest satisfaction. I understand that he has obtained permission from Mr. H. J. Leslie for the performance of the music of the popular opera "Dorothy," and a choir of ladies and gentlemen are now rehearsing it under his direction. A performance of Barnby's "Rebekah" will probably follow, and a miscellaneous concert may be given later.

THE widow of Henri Herz has established an annual prize of 300 francs at the Conservatoire, which will bear the name of the *Prix Henri Herz*, the sum to go to the best young lady pupil in the class formerly directed by the celebrated pianist.

MR. THOMAS KEMPTON, Vicar Choral, St. Paul's Cathedral, BASS VOCALIST.

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SIGNOR PIATTI.



Magazine of Music Supplement, October 1889.

HARK! HARK THE LARK,
DEATH & THE GIRL,
MY SWEET REPOSE,



Three Songs,

by

F. Schubert.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTINS HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

HARK! HARK THE LARK.

SCHUBERT.

Allegretto.

p

Hark! hark the lark at heav'ns gate sings, and

mp

Fine.

Phoe - bus gins a - rise..... His steeds to wa - ter at those springs On

chal - ic'd flow'rs that lies!..... On chal - ic'd flow'rs that lies And

wink - ing Ma - ry buds be - gin to ope their gold - en eyes With

ev' - ry thing that pret - ty is My la - dy sweet a - rise: With

ev' - ry thing that pret - ty is my la - dy sweet a - rise..... a -

rise..... a - rise..... my la - dy sweet a - rise..... a -

rise..... a - rise..... my la - dy sweet a - rise.

D. C. Dal Segno.

DEATH AND THE GIRL.

Moderato.

pp

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and dyads in a descending sequence, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

THE GIRL.

Pass on - ward, Oh! pass on - ward, Wild man with skin - less

p

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

bone! I'm but a girl, a - way then, And

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic accompaniment.

leave the young a - lone, And leave the young a - lone.

pp *dimin.*

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords, marked *pp* and *dimin.*

DEATH.

Give me thy hand, my fair and ten-der child, As friend I

pp

come, and not to chas - - ten. Be of good cheer! I

am not wild; To sleep with - in these fond arms has -

- ten.

MY SWEET REPOSE.

Andante.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/8 time, marked 'Andante' and 'pp'. The introduction consists of five measures of piano accompaniment. The vocal melody enters in the second measure of the first system. The lyrics are: 'My sweet re - pose, my sooth - ing peace, As - suage my woes, oh! make them cease; Re - side with me 'mid joys and sighs, Thy home shall be my heart and eyes, my heart and eyes,'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines, with various textures and dynamics. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The tempo is 'Andante' and the dynamics include 'pp' (pianissimo).

My sweet re - pose, my sooth - ing

peace, As - suage my woes, oh! make them cease;

Re - side with me 'mid joys and sighs, Thy home shall

be my heart and eyes, my heart and eyes,

pp

Still all my woes to wake no more, Be - hind thee

close the noise - less door, Bid grief and pain

in haste de - part, Do thou re - main to cheer this

heart, to cheer this heart.

Shed o'er my sight thy glo - rious

ray, Come heart's de - light,..... come here and stay,.....

come here and stay,..... Shed o'er my sight thy

glo - rious ray, Come heart's de - light,..... Come here and

stay,..... come here and stay,.....

cresc. *f* *pp* *1* *pp*